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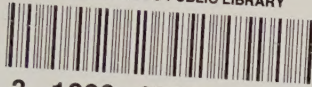
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Money In The Air

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

BY
THETTA QUAY FRANKS

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THETTA QUAY FRANKS

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The following is a copy of program of the first performance of "MONEY IN THE AIR" as presented at the Ritz Theatre, New York, N. Y.:

FRANK ROWLAND

Presents

"MONEY IN THE AIR"

By THETTA QUAY FRANKS

With

VERA ALLEN HUGH BUCKLER

Directed by Arthur Sircom

CAST

In the order of appearance

ROLLINS, a butler.....	Horace Pollock
PATRICK, a footman	Frank Harvey
PENELOPE WORTHINGTON	Vera Allen
MRS. COURTNEY MANNERS	Katherine Stewart
HENRY DALE	Joaquin Souther
COLONEL JIM BARTON	Hugh Buckler
SALLY DALE	Cynthia Rogers
LARRY DERREAU	Frederic Forman
ARTHUR HAMILTON	Gordon Richards
MURPHY, a detective	John Todd
BILLY, his assistant	Richard Skinner

TABLE OF SCENES

ACT I. *The living room of the Worthington home on Long Island, Christmas day, about four o'clock in the afternoon.*

ACT II. *One hour later.*

ACT III. *At eight-thirty the following morning.*

CHARACTERS

(In the order in which they appear)

ROLLINS, *a butler.*

PATRICK, *a footman.*

MISS PENELOPE WORTHINGTON

MRS. COURTNEY MANNERS

HENRY DALE

COLONEL JIM BARTON

SALLY DALE

LARRY DERREAU

ARTHUR HAMILTON

MURPHY, *a detective*

BILLY, *his assistant*

DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS

ROLLINS: *An elderly, dignified Englishman; speaks with an unmistakable English accent. He wears a butler's afternoon and evening livery.*

PATRICK: *An ex-service man, wears green livery and brass buttons. He has a confiding, ingratiating smile and speaks with an unmistakable Irish accent.*

PENELOPE WORTHINGTON: *She is thirty-five but looks twenty-eight. She wears a tea gown, dressing gown at end of Second Act, morning gown in Third Act. She is lovely and young at heart. She has always had wealth and social position and has the unconscious egotism and self-will engendered by her freedom from all restraint.*

MRS. MANNERS: *She is a distinguished, somewhat acidulated widow of seventy-three who has lived abroad for some years because living there was cheaper and has had a struggle to keep up appearances. She resents the fact that her wealthy brother has left his fortune tied up until the twenty-first birthday of his lost grandson. She wears a tea gown and carries a satin bag with needlepoint embroidery with which she constantly employs herself. Morning gown in Third Act.*

HENRY DALE: *He is an intellectual man of fifty years, with an air of distinction and an expression of deep sadness when his face is in repose. He is sympathetic and responsive and his face illumines when he smiles. He wears sport suit and carries a cane.*

6 DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS

COLONEL JIM BARTON: *He is a handsome bachelor of forty-odd, with merry eyes and a certain air of command.*

SALLY DALE: *She is seventeen, with modern disregard of conventionality. She wears a sport suit and a coat with large pockets. Morning gown in Third Act.*

LARRY: *He is a wholesome, responsive, intelligent, lovable, college man of twenty. He wears knickerbockers, a sweater, an overcoat and cap.*

HAMILTON: *He is too well dressed, has shrewd eyes, a moustache and determined jaw. He is fifty, with white hair, and has a habit of twirling his waxed moustache as though he lives at a high nervous tension.*

MURPHY: *A good-looking Irishman of forty who has been raised from police force to the detective service. He has dark hair, heavy dark eyebrows and lashes, and is clean shaven. He chews gum, and when deeply interested, chews noticeably.*

BILLY: *A keen-eyed, quick-witted, young American policeman who supplies intelligence to his superior officer.*

Money In The Air

ACT ONE

SCENE: *The living room of a house on Long Island.*

At back R.C. a double French window of glass, with fanlight above, opening on path to house, with sunny landscape beyond a garden with pointed evergreens capped with snow. ALL who enter the house are seen passing this window. At back L.C. is an arch matching trim of window leading into hall with stairway turning L. There is room in the hall to pass stairway on way to open front door opening in wall at R. of archway. At foot of stairs is a window in back wall. Cloak room L. of this window. In L. wall is door to dining-room. In R. wall is a large fireplace, with burning log, and door to music-room, upper R. The hall is Adam in style, with panelled walls. A small sofa R. faces fireplace. Behind it are a table with a lamp and a chair. A second sofa, L.C., faces Centre of room and behind it is a long table with a lamp. Several easy chairs are covered with English chintz. There are five Chippendale chairs about the room. At back C. is a table with telephone. Card tray on table in hall. A bell-pull hangs beside door to dining room. A gate-legged table stands against the upper end of sofa L. The tea table is down L. above wing chair beside dining-room door. There is a Christmas tree to R. of French window. Secre-

tary with books above, writing materials and a lamp against wall above dining-room door. Small rugs around the room. The room is decorated with Christmas greens and a bunch of mistletoe hangs from the crystal chandelier in c. of the room. There are Chinese vases on mantel and Chinese bowls on table, with one or two Chinese bronzes. There are cigarette boxes, ashtrays, match-boxes, etc., on every table. A box of flowers on table up c.

Curtain rises at four o'clock on Christmas Day. LIGHT turns to sunset, then to dusk, during Act.

ROLLINS, a butler, is picking up Christmas wrappings from table R.C. PATRICK, a newly engaged second man being taught his duties, enters from L. ROLLINS, an elderly, dignified Englishman, speaks with an unmistakable English accent. He wears a butler's afternoon livery. PATRICK, an ex-service man, wears green livery and brass buttons. He has a confiding, ingratiating smile and speaks with an unmistakable Irish accent. As they talk he places tea table and lays cloth, which he has brought in over his left arm.

ROLLINS. Put the table 'ere. (*Indicating place at chair R.C. He crosses and opens box of flowers on table up c.*) Friends usually drop in to tea, 'ere, so always 'ave extra cups on the table.

PATRICK. Oi wish there was some men in this fam'ly. (*He places tea-table before easy chair R.C.*)

ROLLINS. Why?

PATRICK. Th' fewer th' men, th' fewer th' tips.

ROLLINS. Didn't you like your Christmas gift?

PATRICK. Sur-re! Th' gloves fit Nora—Nora will use th' writin' paper-r an' she says th' white

silk muffler'll make a foine shawl f'r th' baby. (*He speaks ingratiatingly, and his smile takes any unpleasantness from what he says.*)

ROLLINS. What did you want?

PATRICK. A man's prisint—a tin-dollar bill an' a foine cigar-r! (*He is removing firescreen as he speaks. PHONE rings.*)

ROLLINS. You *are* 'ard to please! (*He answers phone*) 'Elo—— No, sir, I'm sorry, sir, but Miss Worthington will not see reporters today, as it's Christmas. No, sir, we 'ave not found Miss Worthington's nephew—— 'E was lost in China—— Yes, sir, ten thousand dollars for news of him. (*He hangs up receiver.*)

PATRICK. (*Who has been poking the fire during telephone conversation. FIRE FLICKER*) Ain't that just loike a woman? No *man* would iv advertised for any lost heir—he'd 'a' kep' th' money.

ROLLINS. (*Down c.*) Miss Worthington didn't advertise. It was 'er father who did when th' boy was lost twenty years ago.

PATRICK. Well, why didn't they leave ut at that? (*Crosses to R.C.*)

ROLLINS. If the boy wasn't found, his will directed that a second advertisement be inserted in all the newspapers one week before his twenty-first birthday. Well, they did it last Thursday.

PATRICK. An' the telephone's been ringin' ever since, eh?

ROLLINS. (*At table back of sofa L.*) Don't you tell those reporters anything but the facts. They'll ahsk all sorts of personal questions about Miss Worthington—as she got red 'air—— What is 'er favorite toothpaste—— Does she wear Enna Jet-tick shoes? Remember what I told you—you *don't know anything*.

PATRICK. Very well, Oi don't know nawthin'.

ROLLINS. This is the coat closet. You put visi-

tors' 'ats ad coats in 'ere. (*He goes out to hall and points to cloak room at L. of arch. PATRICK crosses up to hall. ROLLINS crosses down to R.C.*) You're sure you've served tea and know just what to do? This being Christmas, all the maids are out. I'll 'ave to depend upon you, Patrick.

PATRICK. Sur-re—Oi've served tea in half th' big houses on Long Island. (*He crosses L., back of sofa.*)

ROLLINS. W-e-l-l—Miss Worthington said I was to give you a chahnce.

PATRICK. (*Roguishly*) A chance, is it? That's all th' Irish ask iv th' English!

ROLLINS. Keep a civil tongue in your 'ead and attend to business, young man—that's all the English ahsk of the Irish! (*He crosses L. to upper end of long table. (PATRICK exits L.)*)

(*Enter from music-room door, up R., which she opens, PENELOPE WORTHINGTON. She is thirty-five but looks twenty-eight. She wears an afternoon gown of lace with a short train like a tea gown. She is lovely and young at heart. She has always had wealth and social position and has the unconscious egotism and self-will engendered by her freedom from all restraint. She places several letters to be posted on the table at entrance door. ROLLINS holds for her inspection a long florist's box of roses from which he has removed the lid.*)

PENELOPE. (*Reads card*) "Jim Barton." How nice. (*She arranges flowers in vase, ROLLINS holding the box*) Well, Rollins, how is the new man doing?

ROLLINS. He does very well, Madam—for an Irishman. (*He goes toward L. door.*)

PENELOPE. May he bring the luck of the Irish!

ROLLINS. Quite so, Madam. (*Exits L. with box.*)

(MRS. MANNERS comes downstairs c. *She is a distinguished, somewhat acidulated widow of seventy-three who has lived abroad for some years because living there was cheaper and has had a struggle to keep up appearances. She resents the fact that her wealthy brother has left his fortune tied up until the twenty-first birthday of his lost grandson. She wears a tea gown and carries a satin bag with needlepoint embroidery with which she constantly employs herself. She sits on sofa L.*)

PENELOPE. (*Behind table up R.C.*) Aunt Emily, more flowers. Aren't they lovely?

MRS. MANNERS. Very. From *another* old friend?

PENELOPE. Yes. I've been writing "thank you" letters all day.

MRS. MANNERS. Why thank people of limited intelligence and no imagination for giving you things you don't want? Imagine sending you a phonograph record, "With a Hey Nonni Nonni and a Hot Cha Cha."

PENELOPE. Sally Dale sent it. I sent her one of those new electric phonographs like mine. (*ROLLINS enters L. with wooden portable three-tray table, with sandwiches and cake. One empty tray for covered dish with teapot later. PATRICK enters L., crosses R. and places tray on tea-table. ROLLINS places portable table at R. of tea-table.*)

MRS. MANNERS. How do you suppose her father will write successful books with a phonograph going in the house all day?

PENELOPE. It may give him more "pep." (*Comes to lower end of sofa L.*)

MRS. MANNERS. "Pep"? You're talking like that Sally Dale. I can't imagine why you're so fond of her.

PENELOPE. Sally? Why, she's charming. She's so young and gay.

MRS. MANNERS. Crude and pert!

PENELOPE. She's had no mother, poor child. She's really a darling. Any more telephones, Rollins? (*She crosses to tea-table. PATRICK exits L.*)

ROLLINS. A reporter from *The Newark Evening News* rang up wanting an interview, Madam. (*He holds easy chair for PENELOPE, who sits.*)

MRS. MANNERS. Of course you never can find that boy, *never*. Everything humanly possible has been done to find him already.

PENELOPE. But that was twenty years ago. (*She starts pouring tea*) They didn't have the radio then.

MRS. MANNERS. The radio?

PENELOPE. Of course. The reporter said the story of so baffling a disappearance was "great stuff" and that he would give it nation-wide publicity over the radio.

MRS. MANNERS. Penelope! Did that reporter come himself or did you send for him?

PENELOPE. He came himself. (*She hands cup to ROLLINS, who passes it to MRS. MANNERS*) I told him *everything*. I told him to go the limit. Judging from the letters, telegrams and telephone messages, he's done it. (*PATRICK enters L. with cinnamon toast in covered dish.*)

MRS. MANNERS. He certainly has. Well, thank Heaven, on Thursday, when the estate has to be settled, this silly search will end.

PENELOPE. You're always so sympathetic, darling. (*PATRICK removes lid and offers toast to MRS. MANNERS, who waves him away. He crosses to tea-tray and places dish on portable table; exits L. ROLLINS follows him.*)

MRS. MANNERS. I've been living in Europe to economise long enough. When I receive my share of your father's estate I'll never set foot on an ocean liner again. To go to Europe because you

want to is one thing, but to go because living there is cheap and you *have to* is quite another.

PENELOPE. But you've always said that you lived abroad because you preferred Europe to America?

MRS. MANNERS. I didn't want pity.

PENELOPE. Oh, my dear, why didn't you let me know?

MRS. MANNERS. I didn't want charity.

PENELOPE. Charity? From *me*, dear?

MRS. MANNERS. From anybody. Well—if your brother had only stayed at home instead of going to a heathen country and marrying the first girl he met!—Suppose you were to find that boy and he had been brought up like a Chinaman? How would you like that?

PENELOPE. I believe you'd soften, Aunt Emily, if you were to come face to face with even a *Chinese* Worthington. (*Enter PATRICK, L., carrying tray with telegrams for PENELOPE.*) More telegrams.

MRS. MANNERS. Well, all I have to say is, I hope you have a clever lawyer. You may need one. (*PATRICK takes MRS. MANNERS' teacup and exits L.*)

PENELOPE. I have. Colonel Jim is a very able lawyer.

MRS. MANNERS. Colonel Jim? I suppose he is enough like other human beings to have a surname of some sort.

PENELOPE. He's James Lane Anderson Barton, but everybody calls him "Colonel Jim."

MRS. MANNERS. Jim Barton? I remember his father. *He was a fine lawyer.*

PENELOPE. Jim is also something of a politician. He refused an ambassadorship last year.

MRS. MANNERS. Refused an ambassadorship? *An American?* I don't believe it. They *never* miss a chance to hob-nob with royalty.

PENELOPE. But he did refuse. He said that only a millionaire could afford to keep up the royal pace.

MRS. MANNERS. A *poor* American—who *admits* it?

PENELOPE. He isn't exactly poor, Aunt Emily, but he couldn't afford to run an embassy.

MRS. MANNERS. Why didn't he marry a rich wife?

PENELOPE. Well—he says that a man who marries a rich wife sacrifices his independence and becomes merely the tail to the kite.

MRS. MANNERS. More fool he. Well, anyway, go on. Tell me some more.

PENELOPE. Well—he served with distinction in France.

MRS. MANNERS. And he has never married?

PENELOPE. No. There have been rumors now and then, but so far he has eluded all women. (*Rises; goes L.*)

MRS. MANNERS. Why haven't *you* married him?

PENELOPE. Aunt Emily, he never asked me! (*She rings bell cord.*)

MRS. MANNERS. Nonsense.

PENELOPE. True! A case of—too much money. Yesterday you wanted to know why I didn't marry Henry Dale. (*Crosses c.*)

MRS. MANNERS. Well, why don't you?

PENELOPE. Would you like me to marry them *both*? This is the result of your living so long in Europe. Your ideas are decidedly Turkish! (*She sits on easy chair. Enter PATRICK L.*)

MRS. MANNERS. Have it your own way, as usual—(*PHONE rings*)—the wilful Worthingtons always do.

PENELOPE. (*To PATRICK, who starts toward phone*) You'll find some letters on the table near the door. Will you see that they are posted?

PATRICK. Yes, Madam. (*He answers the phone*) Yes, sir-r— No, sir-r, no noos iv th' missin' heir. —Yes, sir-r, your-r facts is all correct.—No, sir-r,

Miss Worthington will not see reporters today. It's Christmas. Oi don't know nawthin'! (*He hangs up receiver, takes letters from table, and exits through hall.*)

MRS. MANNERS. You'd better talk to those reporters yourself when they telephone. If you don't, goodness knows what they'll say about us. They're bound to print *something*—it's their bread and butter.

PENELOPE. I think I can safely leave them to Patrick. They can't print much if they "don't know nawthin'." (*She continues to open telegrams. She reads one telegram with special interest*) Listen to this—"Refuse to see strange man or sign anything. Am on my way. Jim."

MRS. MANNERS. Jim Barton?

PENELOPE. Yes. From New York. "Refuse to see strange——" (*DALE passes window from R.*) What a funny message! What strange man can he mean? (*DOORBELL rings.*)

MRS. MANNERS. It's another result of all those silly stories in the newspapers. Anything may happen.

(*PATRICK crosses hall to front door and admits*

HENRY DALE *He is an intellectual man of fifty years, with an air of distinction and an expression of deep sadness when his face is in repose. He is sympathetic and responsive and his face illumines when he smiles. He wears golfing clothes and carries a cane.*)

DALE. Mr. Dale. I'll keep my overcoat on.

PATRICK. Mr. Dale. (*He exits L. through hall.*)
DALE holds cap and cane in L. hand. He crosses down to PENELOPE.)

PENELOPE. Merry Christmas, Henry!

MRS. MANNERS. Merry Christmas!

DALE. Merry Christmas! How do you do, Mrs. Manners? (*He shakes hands with MRS. MANNERS.*)

MRS. MANNERS. I've read your book, Mr. Dale!

PENELOPE. What an author likes to hear is, "I've bought your book."

DALE. You're right, Penelope. Most people seem to borrow the books they read.

MRS. MANNERS. It's an amusing novel—and clever—but what does the young girl mean when she says, "It was just so much hooey" and "He's a chiseler"?

DALE. Ask Sally—she's on her way here.

MRS. MANNERS. I will! If you think she'll give me an answer in plain English.

PENELOPE. Will you have some tea? (*Enter PATRICK from hall; takes empty cups.*)

DALE. No, thanks. I'm going for a walk. Penelope, you gave Sally and me a very happy Christmas.

PENELOPE. A phonograph isn't the most comfortable companion for an author, is it?

DALE. Well, between Larry Derreau, Sally's friend, and that phonograph—— (*The PHONE rings. PATRICK answers it. DALE crosses behind sofa R.*)

PATRICK. Hello?—Just a minute, please. Long distance from Chicago for-r you, Madam. (*PENELOPE takes receiver. Exit PATRICK L. in hall.*)

PENELOPE. Yes?—This is Miss Worthington.—Oh, *The Chicago Tribune*? Yes, that's right—my brother and his wife sailed from China. Their ship went down on their way to America. Thank you very much. Please give it all the publicity you can.—Yes, ten thousand dollars' reward for news of him. (*SUNSET seen through window. COLONEL JIM BARTON passes window from R. He is a handsome bachelor of forty-odd, with merry eyes and a*

certain air of command. PENELOPE hangs up receiver.)

MRS. MANNERS. It would be worth ten thousand dollars if they find him alive in Chicago! I suppose every town in America will want an interview. *(DOORBELL rings.)*

PENELOPE. All the better—we may reach that boy yet. *(Crosses down c.)*

MRS. MANNERS. You *can't* still think——

PENELOPE. Why not? Such strange things happen.

JIM. Mr. Barton.

PATRICK. *(Crosses hall from L. admits COLONEL BARTON and proudly announces his COLONEL of the Sixty-ninth)* Mr. Barton. *(PATRICK helps JIM off with his coat in the hall as JIM speaks.)*

JIM. Hello, Pen—— Merry Christmas!

PENELOPE. Oh, Jim! I am glad to see you! *(She goes eagerly to greet him, giving him both hands.)*

JIM. Get my telegram? *(Up near hall. PATRICK hangs coat and hat in cloakroom and exits L.)*

PENELOPE. Yes.

JIM. Has a strange man by the name of Arthur Hamilton tried to see you?

PENELOPE. Arthur Hamilton? Who is he?

JIM. He's the man I telegraphed about. He comes from San Francisco and I want to talk to you about him. He hasn't been here?

PENELOPE. No, not yet.

JIM. *(Much relieved)* Good, I'm here first. Can you put me up for the night, Pen?

PENELOPE. Of course! We're prepared to take in all our friends at a moment's notice. You remember my aunt, Mrs. Manners? *(PENELOPE sits at tea-table.)*

JIM. Why, how do you do, Mrs. Manners? I hope you haven't forgotten me. Glad you've come back to America.

MRS. MANNERS. Not half so glad as *I* am. I haven't seen you since you were so high. You look like your father—but of course, *he* was a very handsome man!

JIM. What a memory!

PENELOPE. Oh, Aunt Emily! Jim, I don't think you know our neighbor, Henry Dale,—Colonel Barton. (*COLONEL crosses down to DALE below sofa R.*)

DALE. Colonel Barton.

JIM. I put off that title with the uniform years ago, Mr. Dale.

DALE. I heard you mention Arthur Hamilton.

JIM. You did, and from what I could gather over the long-distance telephone, he's a scoundrel if there ever was one. He's coming here.

DALE. Coming *here*?

JIM. Yes, do you know him?

DALE. Yes, I know him. (*He turns toward fireplace.*)

JIM. He *is* no good? I thought so.

PENELOPE. You're just in time for tea.

JIM. Are you giving me *two* lumps?

PENELOPE. Of course! (*She puts two lumps of sugar in his cup. He helps himself to plate, etc., and sits on chair below table, R.C.*)

JIM. Did my telegram startle you?

(*SALLY DALE and LARRY DERREAU seen passing window from R. SALLY stops and knocks on window. JIM rises, startled.*)

SALLY. Penelope, Penelope.

(*They ring DOORBELL and enter.*)

PENELOPE. Not at all. I knew you were nearly as nervous as Aunt Emily about all this publicity.

(SALLY is seventeen, with modern disregard of conventionality. She wears a sport suit and a coat with large pockets. In right pocket is a thirty-two target pistol. LARRY wears knickerbockers, a sweater, an overcoat and cap. He is a wholesome, responsive, intelligent, lovable college man of twenty. PATRICK enters from L., takes LARRY'S overcoat and hangs it in cloak room. There is a thirty-two calibre target pistol in right-hand pocket. LARRY holds his cap and drops it on table near door.)

SALLY. Merry Christmas! (She rushes in and crosses to PENELOPE. LARRY remains in hall. PATRICK exits into dining room.) How can I ever thank you enough for that wonderful phonograph? It has been playing all day. (She kisses PENELOPE. MRS. MANNERS looks "I told you so.")

PENELOPE. Sally, when genius burns in your father's study, promise me you'll turn it off!

SALLY. He thinks it's swell! He says it pleasantly obliterates the other noises in the house. (After she shakes hands with MRS. MANNERS, who is frigid) Gee, but it's cold. Larry Derreau is staying with us for the holidays. Come here, Larry, and be introduced. (She goes to hall and brings LARRY to PENELOPE. LARRY bows to MRS. MANNERS, who nods casually. PENELOPE offers her hand cordially.)

PENELOPE. Sally tells me you've come from California.

LARRY. Yes, we used to be neighbors.

PENELOPE. Sally, do you know Colonel Barton?

SALLY. How do you do, Colonel Barton? (She shakes hands with JIM down R.)

JIM. How do you do?

PENELOPE. Mrs. Manners, Mr. Derreau. This is Larry Derreau, Jim.

JIM. How do you do? (DALE goes to hall.)

PENELOPE. May I call you "Larry"?

LARRY. Will you?

SALLY. Tea, Daddy? *(She crosses to DALE, who is already in the hall. LARRY crosses between sofa R. and tea-table and is served with tea. Ad lib. conversation while DALE and SALLY talk.)*

DALE. No, my dear—I'm going for a walk.

SALLY. Thinking out another racy plot for a story? This one's to be a wow! *(She removes coat and puts it on chair at R. of hallway.)*

DALE. Why not speak English?

SALLY. A telegram came for you, Daddy. I left it on your desk.

DALE. Probably from my publisher.

SALLY. Asking if you're ready with another "best seller"?

DALE. He did that last week.

SALLY. Charmin' old publisher! Will you stop here for Larry and me on your way home?

DALE. Of course—glad to.

SALLY. Don't forget!

DALE. Goodbye, Mrs. Manners. Thanks again for the phonograph, Penelope. *(SALLY kisses DALE.)*

PENELOPE. I so enjoyed your book, Henry.

SALLY. Goodbye, Daddy. Don't freeze to death. *(DALE nods to everyone and exits by front door. He is seen passing window.)*

PENELOPE. Sally, have some tea. *(SALLY flops down on sofa L. below MRS. MANNERS, who rises in distaste.)*

SALLY. Gr-and! Penelope, you've saved our lives. I'm all in!

PENELOPE. Come to the fire and warm up. *(SALLY starts toward R. PENELOPE pours tea.)*

LARRY. *(Standing before fire)* Sally, here are some of those little cakes you like so much.

SALLY. *(Takes plate of cakes)* Oh, lovely!

JIM. (*Stopping her*) Wait a minute. (*He takes a cake and she crosses to sofa R.*)

PENELOPE. What have you two been doing this afternoon?

SALLY. (*Sits on sofa R.*) I beat him at target practise and yesterday and the day before. (*JIM passes her tea.*)

LARRY. And she's a pretty good shot with a snow-ball, too! (*He pulls collar from his neck as though snow had fallen inside. MRS. MANNERS looks at SALLY distastefully, and crosses to easy chair lower L.*)

PENELOPE. Have you any news of the boy?

JIM. Of course not. About this man Arthur Hamilton——

LARRY. Hamilton? Of San Francisco?

JIM. Do you know him, too?

LARRY. I'll say I do.—He's a bad egg!

MRS. MANNERS. There—I told you so!

PENELOPE. Aunt Emily, you'd be positively disappointed if something horrifying didn't result from all the publicity. If that man comes here I won't see him.

SALLY. Coming *here*? Larry, give me a cigarette —I need one.

LARRY. (*Offers one from his case*) You shouldn't smoke so much. It isn't good for a young girl.

SALLY. Larry, you make me tired with your superior masculine airs. Now all women work in offices and smoke and drink and vote.

LARRY. You can't vote *yet*!

SALLY. Well, in three years, you just watch me. I may even be President. You never can tell.

PENELOPE. Sally, Colonel Jim's a political power in this State. When you're a candidate for President he may swing New York into line for you. (*JIM bows with humorous exaggeration.*)

SALLY. Shall we form an alliance, Colonel Jim?

JIM. Offensive or defensive?

SALLY. It might even be matrimonial.

JIM. You hear that, Pen.

SALLY. "Pen"—What a nice name. May I call you "Pen"? Is it a special name *you* have for her, Colonel Jim?

JIM. It *was*, but I've had to share it with others before.

SALLY. I think I'm going to like you. Can you dance, Colonel Jim?

JIM. Oh, good Lord, no. (SALLY rises and goes R. of tea-table, where she leaves her cup.)

MRS. MANNERS. You don't take after your father, then.

PENELOPE. Nonsense—of course you dance!

SALLY. Come along into the music-room, and hear the record I gave Pen for Christmas. It's called, "With a Hey Nonni Nonni and a Hot Cha Cha." It's simply divine!

JIM. Can't! I have something important to talk over with Pen.

SALLY. Oh, do come! Talk to her some other time. (She takes his hand and draws him toward music-room door R.)

JIM. I surrender.

LARRY. Hey, Sally, who dances with me?

SALLY. (Pausing teasingly at R. door) You dance with Aunt Emily! (She takes JIM's arm gaily and leads him off.)

PENELOPE. I think Sally needs a chaperone.

MRS. MANNERS. Chaperone? I think she needs a good spanking! (She exits R. and closes door. The PHONOGRAPH is heard. It is louder when door is open and very soft when it is closed.)

PENELOPE. It is so nice to have a young man in this house again. When my brother was here we made so much of Christmas. He went into the dip-

lomatic service and was sent to China. He—never came back.

LARRY. Yes, I know.

PENELOPE. I suppose I'm foolish to cling to the memory as I do—but I have nothing else to cling to.

LARRY. You have Aunt Emily!

PENELOPE. I certainly have Aunt Emily. (*VOICES and feet dancing heard in music-room.*) Come on—I'm going to see what's going on in the music-room. It sounds as though Sally were teaching Aunt Emily the Rumba. Will you put the screen before the fire?

LARRY. (*Takes the cake plate from where SALLY had left it to the tea-table*) Surely. (*PENELOPE exits R. LARRY goes as far as the door, looks inside, closes it after her with evident chagrin, and returns to put screen before fire. PATRICK and ROLLINS enter L. LARRY lights a cigarette. PATRICK removes tray from tea-table and places it on table R. behind sofa. ROLLINS exits L. with portable table.*)

PATRICK. Excuse me, sir-r—would y'u moind me askin' a question?

LARRY. Not at all. What is it?

PATRICK. (*Replacing tea-table below door*) Is ut really true that they'll give *tin thousand dollars* to find Miss Worthington's nephew?

LARRY. That's what I hear. I'm a stranger here myself.

PATRICK. Well—it does seem an awful lot uv money for noos uv a *per-rfect stranger*. (*PHONE rings. He answers it*) Star-rt th' conversation?—No, madam, no noos—— Oi don't know where Miss Worthington buys her clothes—— No, Madam, ut's no use at all, at all—— Ut'd be wastin' yer toime to come. She won't see reporters today—— Don't do ut—— Oi can't—— Oi was told to say Oi don't know nawthin'. (*He hangs up receiver, and is about to take tray from table.*)

LARRY. You're not Irish, by any chance, are you?

PATRICK. Yes, sir-r, Oi'm Irish—but all me other habits is good. (*He exits L. with tray. Enter SALLY R. MUSIC of phonograph heard when door is opened. She crosses to LARRY, who is up C.*)

SALLY. Larry, why didn't you come and dance with me?

LARRY. I don't know—— I didn't want to. (*SALLY goes to him; places his arm around her. They dance.*)

SALLY. Jealous?

LARRY. What do you think?

SALLY. I think you're jealous of Colonel Jim.

LARRY. Of that old war-horse?

SALLY. He's perfectly charming and he dances divinely.

LARRY. So does Aunt Emily.

SALLY. You might pretend to be jealous, anyway. It might be nice.

LARRY. Oh, you idiot, I wouldn't have to pretend to be. Oh, Sally, I do love you. Why not marry me? Then I could be jealous, and oh, how I'd mean it—sweet. (*SALLY leads LARRY to sofa L. They sit.*)

(*LIGHTS dim.*)

SALLY. Larry, come here. Dad sort of counts on me. Sounds prosaic, I know, but he more or less needs me. That's all. Don't you see?

LARRY. I see, sweet. But aren't you, perhaps, just kidding yourself a little? All he needs is three meals a day, a stack of papers, half a dozen fountain-pens and—a few modern ideas! Sally, are you going to marry me or are you not?

SALLY. Well, Larry—— Daddy says in his book, "To youth marriage is the great adventure, to be undertaken gaily with high hopes and thoughtless courage. How often the frail bark is dashed upon

the rocks of the commonplaces of life and shattered."

LARRY. We'd never dash upon the rocks. We'd each pull an oar and, if the boat struck, we'd swim ashore and sit on the beach, laughing over the fun we'd had.

SALLY. You're an optimist.

LARRY. I've been reading your father's funny old book, too. In another place he says, "Happy they who marry young—with the same environment, the same hopes, the same memories."

SALLY. Why, Larry Derreau, do you know Daddy's book by heart?

LARRY. Just the parts I need to know when he says we're too young to marry. He can't go back on his own words!

SALLY. The same memories—California. I wonder which are sadder, Larry, yours or mine? You were alone in the world. And I—— Oh, Larry, if I could only forget, especially at Christmas. Mother! If I could see her and know that she is happy—even though she went away and left us. I'm so afraid for her, Larry—*afraid!* (*Pause. Then continues*) I wonder why Arthur Hamilton's coming here?

LARRY. For no good! (*Her face is tense and agonized.*) Sally darling, that all happened years ago. Can't you forget it and think of me?

SALLY. How can I leave Daddy, Larry? He's so lonely. He needs me.

LARRY. All right! (*He rises and crosses L. below sofa, as miserable as possible. SALLY rises, her face growing softer, sweeter. She goes to him, smiling.*)

SALLY. Larry!

(*STOP MUSIC.*)

LARRY. Oh, Sally! (*He kisses her rapturously.*)

MRS. MANNERS *enters R. She gives a startled exclamation and they start apart.*)

MRS. MANNERS. Ah!—Well!

LARRY. Oh, damn! (*PATRICK enters L.; crosses at back of stage with a box of flowers; exits R.*)

MRS. MANNERS. Are you practising one of those new dances? (*She sits on sofa R. and embroiders. LARRY glowers at her. SALLY tactfully begins a conversation as she crosses to R.C.*)

SALLY. Oh, Mrs. Manners, do tell us something about Colonel Jim?

MRS. MANNERS. Well, I don't know much. I've known him ever since he was a baby. He was as dreadfully active and noisy as most little boys.

SALLY. Is he married?

MRS. MANNERS. No, he's escaped so far.

LARRY. Mrs. Manners, you're not too enthusiastic about marriage, are you? (*He crosses up to R. of sofa L.*)

MRS. MANNERS. My experience was not one to be enthusiastic about. (*Enter PENELOPE and JIM R. PENELOPE carries flowers. PATRICK, with empty florist's box, enters and exits L.*)

PENELOPE. (*Comes before fire*) More Christmas flowers, Aunt Emily!

MRS. MANNERS. Oh, from *another* of those "old friends." (*JIM looks at wrist watch anxiously, goes to window and looks out as though nervously expecting someone.*)

SALLY. We're running along, Larry. Get me my coat. Any news of the lost hope, Pen darling?

PENELOPE. No—no news! (*LARRY gets SALLY's coat from back of chair and holds it for her. He gets his cap from chair near door, but forgets his overcoat in coatroom.*)

SALLY. I hope you find that boy.

MRS. MANNERS. Perhaps, if you knew all the

facts in the case, you might not wish anything of the sort.

SALLY. Why?

MRS. MANNERS. If the heir is found Penelope will lose most of her estate and I shall get nothing at all.

PENELOPE. But we should have the boy.

SALLY. Pen darling, if anybody takes all your money away from you, I'll hate him. Will you tell Daddy that he was so late we couldn't wait for him? Goodbye, Colonel Jim. Remember, a list of your friends just as soon as I'm elected.

JIM. Goodbye, Madam President.

PENELOPE. Come again soon, Larry.

LARRY. I'd love to.

SALLY. Goodbye, Pen—'bye, everybody!

LARRY. Au revoir! (*Exit SALLY and LARRY by front door. They wave their hands as they pass window.*)

MRS. MANNERS. (*Rises and crosses c.*) I think I'll have a rest before dinner. I know you want to talk. Will you excuse me, Colonel Jim?

JIM. With regret, Mrs. Manners.

MRS. MANNERS. I'm glad you've come, Jim Barton. Do you know you remind me *more* than a little of your father?

PENELOPE. Do rest, dear. Is there anything I can do for you?

MRS. MANNERS. No, dear, nothing. (*She exits upstairs. PENELOPE sits on Sheraton chair below table R.C.*)

JIM. (*Brings easy chair toward PENELOPE and sits on arm*) At last. Thank God for that. Now, Pen, tell me—why did you talk so freely to that reporter?

PENELOPE. What harm could it do to answer a few questions? The fact that the estate is to be settled on Thursday was published in the news-

papers according to Father's will. That reporter said that the radio was far more likely to reach the boy. He broadcast the news everywhere.

(*LIGHTS—hold dim at ½.*)

JIM. But for twenty years every embassy, every consulate, every detective agency in the world has been searching for that boy. I, personally, believe that the parents were unable to leave him and took the grandmother and the boy on the boat with them.

PENELOPE. But the Chinese servants told us that the grandmother took the little boy away after the boat sailed.

JIM. I honestly think nothing has been left undone. And now you've given the story to be broadcast. How many answers have you had?

PENELOPE. Hundreds.

JIM. Of course. Don't you know that it will encourage every crank and criminal in the country to try to get that money?

PENELOPE. Aren't you exaggerating? The letters are mostly childish. I've burned them. I've sent a few of the promising ones to you to be investigated. What did you mean by that strange telegram you sent me?

(*LIGHTS continue dim.*)

JIM. There you are. That's the result of your broadcasting. A man by the name of Arthur Hamilton came to my apartment this afternoon. He offered to produce the boy on his twenty-first birthday—that's next Thursday—for half a million dollars.

PENELOPE. *Half a million?* Father offered *ten thousand*.

JIM. Yes, but what he offered made very little difference to this fellow. He *demand*ed half a million. I asked for his proofs. He said he would produce the boy on his birthday, but only on con-

dition that he had a signed legal document assuring him of the money.

PENELOPE. But do you think he really meant it? He wouldn't dare to say that unless he thought he could prove it.

JIM. I told him that, as your legal advisor, I wouldn't allow you to sign any paper before seeing it and investigating his *proof* of the boy's identity. After he had gone my man told me that Hamilton had said he was a friend of yours.

PENELOPE. A friend of *mine*?

JIM. So he said, and asked for your address. Very foolishly, my man gave it to him. So I telegraphed you and motored down here.

PENELOPE. I never heard of him.

JIM. Well, you will soon. I'm here to see him with you and to examine any papers he may have.

PENELOPE. But—Jim—it would be too wonderful if he really does know Lawrence's son. It would be like Lawrence come home again.

JIM. I don't think there's a chance.

PENELOPE. Why?

JIM. Not the smallest chance—— But we'll see him. If it's a swindle, it's a clever swindle.

PENELOPE. What shall I do if he comes?

JIM. Keep cool and *don't sign anything*.

PENELOPE. Do you think I'd sign anything without considering it carefully?

JIM. I wonder? You gave all the romantic facts to the press and radio without considering it carefully.

PENELOPE. I would do the same thing again. I'm so tired of being referred to as the rich Miss Worthington when most of the money may not really be mine. (*She rises and crosses L.C.*) It would be such a relief to get the estate finally settled. Though it would be hard for Aunt Emily to lose what she has been hoping for for so many years.

JIM. Not a chance!

PENELOPE. I'm glad you came.

JIM. Are you? Not half so glad as I am. (*His manner changes. He loses the anxiety he had felt, now that PENELOPE has been forewarned, and shows the pleasure he feels in being with her*) Do you remember last Christmas? What a good time we had. Lord, what a temper you had. You boxed my ears—

PENELOPE. I did? How rude of me! I wonder why?

JIM. There was mistletoe hanging from the chandelier. (*He smiles mischievously.*)

PENELOPE. There was? (*PENELOPE glances up at the mistletoe.*)

JIM. (*Goes toward her eagerly, stops and turns away*) Oh, no! I remember last Christmas too well.

PENELOPE. Coward!

JIM. Perhaps! Oh, I have another Christmas gift for you. (*He gets book which he had left on table near door when he entered*) I think you'll like it.

PENELOPE. How nice of you! (*She opens book and puts wrapper on table behind sofa L.*) Why, it's Henry Dale's book! You've just met the author!

JIM. Oh,—then you've read it.

PENELOPE. Yes, but I'll ask him to autograph this one—— You've written in it. (*She reads inscription*) How nice of you!

JIM. It's quite true, Pen.

PENELOPE. No one else shall add a single word. (*She gives him her hand. He holds it, looking at her adoringly. She rings. PATRICK enters L.*) Patrick, show Colonel Barton to his room. We're dining alone tonight—just you and Aunt Emily and I.

JIM. (*Pausing at hall*) I feel like a boy come

home for his vacation. Is there ice cream for dinner by any chance?

PENELOPE. No, this is Christmas! There's plum pudding!

JIM. Of course! And turkey!

PENELOPE. Jim, will you ever grow up!

JIM. Not while there's turkey for Christmas! *(He follows PATRICK upstairs. PENELOPE, smiling and happy, picks up DALE's book at table L. and reads inscription. PHONE rings.)*

PENELOPE. Again! *(She takes receiver)* Yes? Well? I've given all the news to the newspapers already. No, there's nothing new. "Oi don't know nawthin'." *(She puts up receiver and crosses to Christmas tree; turns out LIGHTS. She turns on lamp at table R.; arranges flowers in vase on mantel.)*

(HAMILTON passes window from R. DOORBELL rings. PATRICK comes downstairs and admits him. He holds his soft hat in his hand. He is too well dressed; has shrewd eyes, a moustache and determined jaw. He is fifty, with white hair, and has a habit of twirling his waxed moustache as though he lives at a high nervous tension. He keeps his overcoat on. There is a short-barrelled Colt thirty-eight in right overcoat pocket.)

PATRICK. What name, sir-r?

HAMILTON. Mr. Hamilton. Miss Worthington at home?

PATRICK. Yes, sir. *(He takes hat to coatroom.*

PENELOPE is standing in front of fire. She turns toward HAMILTON, who advances pleasantly to meet her) Miss Worthington?

PENELOPE. Yes.

HAMILTON. I'm very glad to find you. My name is Hamilton. I have something to tell you which I think will interest you.

PENELOPE. I have heard of you.

HAMILTON. Yes?

PENELOPE. From Colonel Barton.

HAMILTON. Oh!—Then he evidently arrived before I did. He has, no doubt, told you that I know the whereabouts of your nephew?

PENELOPE. Yes. He also told me of the preposterous sum for which you hope to sell that information.

HAMILTON. Preposterous? Your father offered ten thousand dollars twenty years ago. Did it ever produce the boy? Don't you think it was a niggardly sum to offer? All the world knows of the great fortune. Is the half of just *one* million too much to pay for the heir to it?

PENELOPE. But can you actually bring my nephew here—to this house—on Thursday?

HAMILTON. Yes, I can and I will—on my conditions.

PENELOPE. What proof have you?

HAMILTON. I have signed and witnessed legal documents to prove it.

PENELOPE. May I see them? (*She goes front of easy chair R.C.*)

HAMILTON. Not until I have another legal document, signed and witnessed, assuring me of half a million dollars.

PENELOPE. (*Pauses. Then sits in easy chair*) It's a *very* large sum.

HAMILTON. Those are my terms.

PENELOPE. Well—you really know my nephew? What is he like?

HAMILTON. He's a very nice fellow—almost through college. You'll feel amply repaid when you see him. (*He smiles pleasantly.*)

PENELOPE. Mr. Hamilton, my lawyer, Colonel Barton, is upstairs. I should like to consult him. Will you excuse me for just a moment? (*She rises.*)

HAMILTON. Of course—Miss Worthington—but I don't want to see him now.

PENELOPE. Why?

HAMILTON. You will have to sign that paper and it has to be signed now. I can see him later.

PENELOPE. I won't sign it without consulting Colonel Barton.

HAMILTON. If I go out of that door you'll *never* see your nephew.

PENELOPE. Oh!

HAMILTON. I mean every word. I must have your signature now—before you leave this room—or else I shall go.

PENELOPE. I see—Colonel Barton was right!

HAMILTON. (*Goes down L. to lower end of sofa*) I will wait here to see Colonel Barton afterwards and go over the proofs with him—and to arrange for the transfer of the money to my account.

PENELOPE. Yes—but——

HAMILTON. Oh, I won't run away, Miss Worthington. Which is it to be—yes—or no?

PENELOPE. I see. You're quite capable of doing as you say.

HAMILTON. Quite!

PENELOPE. And if you can't prove the boy's identity, such an agreement would not be binding.

HAMILTON. That's right.

PENELOPE. Very well. I'll sign it. (*She crosses to bell-pull.*)

HAMILTON. What about witnesses, Miss Worthington?

PENELOPE. Never mind. (*She rings; crosses c. and gets papers from HAMILTON. PATRICK enters from cloakroom.*) Patrick, I want you and Rollins to witness my signature.

PATRICK. Yes, Madam. (*PATRICK exits L. HAMILTON offers his fountain-pen. PENELOPE reads paper; goes to secretary and lights desk lamp; sits.*)

Enter PATRICK and ROLLINS L. She signs. PENELOPE, rising) Sign there, Patrick. (*PATRICK signs.*) Thank you. (*PATRICK exits L. ROLLINS signs. PENELOPE turns out desk lamp*) Thank you—that's all. (*ROLLINS exits L.*) If you don't bring that boy here Thursday, this contract is *worthless*.

HAMILTON. Quite true, Miss Worthington—but I don't do business that way. If I get the signed contract I'll produce him—on Thursday—*without fail*.

PENELOPE. I'll bring Colonel Barton. (*Gives HAMILTON paper and exits upstairs. HAMILTON places paper in inside right pocket and goes to window. LARRY passes window, rings DOORBELL.*)

PATRICK. (*Enters L.; to himself in low tone as he goes to door*) Now, what th' devil—— (*He admits LARRY.*)

LARRY. I left my coat—— Oh, Patrick, will you get it for me? You know where it is. (*Seems cold, his coat collar turned up.*)

PATRICK. Yes, sir-r. (*He goes to cloakroom. LARRY sees HAMILTON.*)

HAMILTON. Hello, Larry!

LARRY. Oh—— (*He puts his hat on table L.*) What are you doing here?

HAMILTON. I have business with Miss Worthington.

LARRY. Business?

HAMILTON. Yes.

LARRY. You had business with my grandmother. (*LARRY crosses C.*)

HAMILTON. Right.

LARRY. It resulted in the disappearance of important papers from her safe-deposit box. The Police of San Francisco are still looking for you. (*PATRICK appears in hallway with coat.*)

HAMILTON. Nonsense. She gave me those papers. By the way, they concerned you.

LARRY. *Me?*

HAMILTON. Yes.

LARRY. How?

HAMILTON. Well—— (*He sees PATRICK, pauses and gives him a look which sends him out of sight in the hall. HAMILTON crosses to easy chair*) There's no reason why you shouldn't know, now. They were to prove your identity.

LARRY. My i—— What are you talking about?

HAMILTON. Your name isn't Derreau.

LARRY. What?

HAMILTON. I thought you'd be interested.

LARRY. You don't expect me to believe such nonsense?

HAMILTON. Not even if I show you proofs?

LARRY. Where would *you* get 'em?

HAMILTON. From your grandmother. I have her own written and attested statement.

LARRY. I don't believe it.

HAMILTON. No? Did you know that your grandmother had bitterly opposed the marriage of your father and mother?

LARRY. No. Why should she?

HAMILTON. She had a deep-rooted prejudice against all Americans. (*He sits.*) You knew that your parents were lost at sea on their way home from Shanghai?

LARRY. No. (*Sits on sofa L.*)

HAMILTON. They were. After their death your grandmother gave up her own residence in China—

LARRY. But my grandmother never lived in China.

HAMILTON. Oh, yes, she did. Her first husband, Derreau, lived there as representative of a large importing corporation. After his death she married again—a military attaché of the French Embassy named De Grancy. In 1914 De Grancy was ordered to France and fell at the front.

LARRY. De Grancy? I never heard the name.

HAMILTON. No, of course not. In order to conceal your identity she resumed her former married name and returned to France as Madame Derreau. That's how she escaped the search for you.

LARRY. Search for me? You don't mean——? That's pretty far fetched, Hamilton.

HAMILTON. It's true.

LARRY. No. You're a swindler. I don't trust you.

HAMILTON. You'll find it all in her statement.

LARRY. If my grandmother hated all Americans, why did she bring me here to live?

HAMILTON. She lost her own fortune after the war and wanted you to receive your other inheritance. Before she died she commissioned me to find your father's family. Well—I have.

LARRY. My father's fam—my father was her son, Lawrence Derreau. *(He rises.)*

HAMILTON. Oh, no, your mother was her daughter, Marie Derreau. *(They look at one another in tense silence.)* Your name is—Lawrence—Derreau—Worthington.

LARRY. *(Laughing contemptuously)* And you expect me to be taken in by a stupid trick like that? You've heard the story of the missing heir just as I have, every detail of it. It's just a clever—lie. They'll put you in the penitentiary for this.

HAMILTON. Would you recognize your grandmother's handwriting?

LARRY. Of course.

HAMILTON. *(Draws a leather wallet from his left hand inside pocket, which he hands LARRY, who takes a large envelope from same. The envelope has no inscription; large seal on flap. LARRY rips envelope open with his finger and, taking papers to lamp on table R., hastily reads them. He looks up*

scornfully) Is that her signature? (PATRICK *enters with coat and stand behind table L.*)

LARRY. It looks like it.

HAMILTON. Your birth certificate's there. (PATRICK *exits L., leaving overcoat on upper end of long table.*)

LARRY. And you think you're going to get ten thousand dollars for information you've kept to yourself for years?

HAMILTON. Ten thousand? Ridiculous! They're paying me half a million.

LARRY. *Half a million?*

HAMILTON. Yes. Miss Worthington has just signed for it.

LARRY. What a damned scoundrel you are. You'll never get it.

HAMILTON. No? What can you do?

LARRY. I'll deny it and refuse to take their money.

HAMILTON. You silly young ass, you can't help yourself. The law will *force* you to take your father's inheritance. You'll have no choice.

LARRY. And the only proofs are here? (*Turning his eyes toward the fireplace.*)

HAMILTON. Yes. (*Crosses above sofa R. to fireplace.*)

LARRY. You'll never do it—never! (PATRICK *enters and stands beside coat at upper end of table.*)

HAMILTON. Here, what are you doing with those papers? (LARRY *flings papers into fire.* HAMILTON *crosses below sofa to fireplace*) Don't! Stop!

LARRY. I'm going to burn those papers. (*Papers are in black leather wallet which prevents their being burned.* HAMILTON and LARRY *grapple and ad lib. during fight.*)

LARRY. Keep away from that fire! (*He tries to keep HAMILTON from snatching the papers from the fire. They BLAZE up. HAMILTON, in a frenzy*

of anger, flings LARRY against the sofa. His arm hits table upper R. with lamp on it. The lamp crashes down, and LIGHT goes out.)

(LAMP R. out.)

(JIM, in dressing gown, comes running downstairs. PATRICK stands above table, the overcoat over his arm. The only light is from fire and window. HAMILTON tries to trample out flames with foot; sees that wallet is burned brown and papers scorched; thinks them ruined and turns savagely from fire. He pulls pistol from his overcoat pocket, points it at LARRY and screeches with rage)

HAMILTON. *Damn you!*

(DALE passes window from R. just as papers flare up. JIM is close to PATRICK when SHOTS are fired. HAMILTON receives shot in chest and lunges forward. A SHOT crashes through window just as DALE passes. The two shots must be almost simultaneous. HAMILTON drops pistol, which falls with a thud, and staggers back against mantel. PATRICK flings overcoat with pistol in pocket on upper end of table L.)

LARRY. *Hamilton—Hamilton!*

OTHERS. *What's the matter? What's happened? (Etc.) Turn on the lights. (ROLLINS enters L. and turns on wall switch at L. door. CHANDELIER and BRACKETS on. LARRY and JIM almost carry HAMILTON to sofa R. His head on lower arm of sofa, JIM feels his heart. DALE flings open front door, enters and stands staring at HAMILTON at upper end of sofa R.)*

(WARN Curtain.)

LARRY. *My God! (He picks up HAMILTON's pistol from the floor and stands looking at it in horror.*



ACT I

See page 39

ROLLINS *crosses to below table* R.C. PENELOPE *comes running downstairs. All this motion must be simultaneous and give the impression of great haste and confusion.*)

PENELOPE. What is it? What's happened?
(*Screams.*)

DALE. It's Hamilton!

PENELOPE. Oh!

HAMILTON. (*Stirs, opens his eyes and sees DALE. He leans forward weakly and laughs*) Dale!—Harry Dale! You ought to see your wife, Dale—she's lost her looks—she's an—old—hag! (*He laughs weakly, sardonically, and falls back against sofa. DALE desperately starts toward HAMILTON to strike him, but JIM catches his hand.*)

JIM. Steady! Steady! (*To LARRY*) You shot him with that gun in your hand, Larry?

LARRY. No—this is his gun. I picked it up. He shot at me and missed. There were two shots. (*JIM looks significantly at DALE as Curtain starts to descend.*)

ROLLINS. Patrick—quick—a basin of water and some towels. (*PATRICK exits L.*)

JIM. (*Takes LARRY C.*) Now, my lad, tell me, how did it happen? (*PENELOPE crosses to phone, followed by DALE.*)

PENELOPE. (*In phone*) Hello, Central! Give me the hospital. Hurry, please!

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

SCENE: *The same as Act One.*
One half hour later.

AT RISE: HAMILTON *has been removed. The room is in disorder. PATRICK is fitting new bulbs to lamp on table R.C. HAMILTON'S pistol is on table R.C. DALE looks agitated and nervous. He sits on easy chair R.C. There is a broken bulb on floor under table R.C. Scorched papers in burned wallet in fireplace. Bullet-hole in window. Lead slug in mantel.*

JIM. Mr. Dale, don't you think it would be wise to discuss your relations with Hamilton quite frankly? You're among friends here. (PATRICK turns LIGHT on table R.C. DALE looks up at him) Oh—Patrick! (PATRICK exits L.)

DALE. I can't see that my personal relations with Hamilton have any bearing on this case. Sally asked me to stop for her on my way home. As I passed the window a light blazed up. I saw Hamilton—the light went out—a shot crashed through the window near where I stood. (JIM goes to window; examines bullet hole in window pane; sees DALE'S footprints in snow outside window by the light of the RISING MOON.) I ran in and found that Hamilton had been shot. That is all I know.

JIM. (Coming down c.) Strange—that you happened to be standing just outside the window when the shot was fired.

DALE. It startled *me*!

JIM. They're sending someone from Police Headquarters to investigate. They're very slow in the country. How far away is that Police Station?

DALE. About ten miles.

JIM. I might have guessed it. They'll want to question you, you know.

DALE. I suppose they will.

JIM. I hope you won't mind my asking whether you carry a weapon?

DALE. No, nothing of the sort.

JIM. Will you allow me to make sure of that?

DALE. Of course. (*Rises.*)

JIM. Sorry, old man. (*He pats DALE's pockets; finds nothing. DALE crosses R.*) That's all right. Sorry this has happened, because of Sally.

DALE. (*A spasm of pain suddenly twitches DALE's face*) If I *had* shot Hamilton, Sally would understand it. He is responsible for our being here—alone!

JIM. But don't you see that your having a reason for shooting Hamilton and that bullet hole in the window just where you stood is damaging evidence that you *did* shoot him, in the eyes of the Police?

DALE. Yes, I see that—— But *I didn't shoot Hamilton*, Colonel Barton!

JIM. I hope we'll be able to prove that. I'll have to ask you to be here when the Police come. Would you mind waiting in the other room? You'll find some magazines in there.

DALE. Not at all. (*DALE exits R. and closes door.*)

(*JIM places pistol on table R., goes quickly outside, examines footprints in snow near window and picks up SALLY's revolver. He enters, closes door, examines revolver; breaks it to see that one shot has been fired. PATRICK enters L. JIM*

puts revolver in his hip pocket. PATRICK is about to brush up the broken glass from electric light bulb into a dustpan.)

JIM. (*Coming down L.C.*) Don't brush up that broken glass—you're destroying evidence.

PATRICK. Will Oi lave ut on th' floor, sir-r?

JIM. Yes. (*PATRICK brushes glass to floor under table.*) Your face is very familiar. Where have I seen you before?

PATRICK. Sur-re, sir-r, Oi was in France—with th' Sixty-ninth.

JIM. Of course, that's it. Sergeant—ah—ah—— Patrick O'Brien, isn't it?

PATRICK. That very same, sir-r.

JIM. Well, Sergeant, I happen to have a box of cigars in my suitcase. They're yours with my compliments. (*He shakes hands with PATRICK.*)

PATRICK. Thank y'u kindly, "Colonel Jim"! Excuse me, sir-r, but th' b'ys always called y'u that in the regiment.

JIM. Yes, I know they did. I don't seem to be able to drop it. (*He goes to telephone*) Hello, Central. Give me Police Headquarters. I can't imagine what's keeping those fellows at Headquarters so long. (*He looks at wrist watch. PATRICK picks up overcoat.*) Whose coat is that?

PATRICK. Misther-r Larry's, sir-r. He forgot ut intirely whin he wint home wid Miss Sally.

JIM. (*Remaining at telephone*) Ask Miss Worthington and Mr. Derreau to come here.

PATRICK. Yes, sir-r. (*Puts LARRY'S overcoat down on table and exits L.*)

JIM. Hello—is this Police Headquarters? My name's Barton—B-a-r-t-o-n. Yes. I'm speaking from Miss Worthington's house. You said you were sending a man by the name of Murphy here immediately?—No, he hasn't come yet—— All right—

I'll tell him to call you as soon as he comes. (*He rattles hook of receiver*) Hello, Central—this is Miss Worthington's house again. There has been an accident here. We're expecting a very important message from the hospital. Now listen carefully. Let that message or one from Police Headquarters through, but no one else. No matter who telephones, *no one* can talk to Miss Worthington except the hospital or Police Headquarters. Thank you very much, Central. (*He lights a cigarette, goes to throw match into fire and sees charred wallet. He stoops to examine wallet. The outside of the wallet has been burned. The inside papers are burnt along the edges, but remain intact. He reads them, then puts them in inside pocket as PENELOPE and LARRY enter* L. PATRICK follows them in and puts LARRY'S overcoat in cloakroom.)

PENELOPE. You wanted to see us, Jim?

JIM. Yes. There's a bullet hole in that window. (*PENELOPE and LARRY cross to window.*)

LARRY. A bullet hole? (*JIM crosses to L.C.*)

PENELOPE. Why, did someone shoot from inside or outside?

JIM. Outside, apparently.

PENELOPE. There are footprints in the snow leading straight to this window. Who stood there? (*She comes down c.*)

JIM. Mr. Dale. (*LARRY turns toward JIM.*)

PENELOPE. Henry? You don't think that—
Oh, impossible! (*LARRY comes down R.C.*)

JIM. You can't tell what a man will do if he feels he has been deeply wronged.

PENELOPE. Where did *he* know Arthur Hamilton? (*PATRICK enters from cloakroom and busies himself at upper end of table L.*)

LARRY. We both knew him in California.

PENELOPE. What had he done to Henry?

LARRY. I'm sorry, but Mr. Dale might not wish me to talk about it.

PENELOPE. Perhaps not.

JIM. Did Hamilton come here expecting to see you?

LARRY. No. I hadn't seen him for several years.

JIM. Why did he try to shoot you?

LARRY. He is a liar and a thief. I told him so.

PENELOPE. Larry!

JIM. (*Crosses to LARRY*) Wait a minute. What caused the trouble between Hamilton and you?

LARRY. It was a personal matter. I'd rather not discuss it.

PENELOPE. Now, look here, Larry. Jim is my lawyer and he's your friend. This is very serious. Tell him quite frankly all that happened so that he can help you intelligently.

LARRY. I'm sorry, Miss Worthington, but I——

JIM. Now, one minute. Some papers were burned on that hearth.

LARRY. I threw them into the fire, Colonel Barton.

JIM. You did? Why?

LARRY. They might have been the means of his cheating somebody. I burned them so that he couldn't do it.

PENELOPE. Papers? Hamilton's papers? Surely you haven't burned the papers telling about my nephew?

JIM. I see. (*Gives PENELOPE comprehending look*) So you don't know who did that shooting?

LARRY. No.

PENELOPE. Can anyone else have seen what happened?

JIM. I don't think so. When I ran downstairs it was hard to see anything in the dark.

LARRY. Patrick! He brought my coat from the coatroom. He must have seen it.

JIM. Perhaps. Patrick, what can you tell us about this?

PATRICK. (*Looks up, startled, and comes below the sofa L.*) Ut all happened so sudden loike!

JIM. You heard *two shots*, didn't you?

PATRICK. Oi *did* that.

JIM. Do you think Mr. Derreau fired that second shot?

PATRICK. No, sir-r.

JIM. Did Mr. Dale?

PATRICK. No, sir-r.

JIM. Well—who did?

PATRICK. Misther-r Hamilton.

JIM. I see. Somebody shot Mr. Hamilton first?

PATRICK. Sur-re! If they hadn't, Misther-r Hamilton woulda kep' on fir-rin' till he *got* Misther-r Larry——

PENELOPE. What makes you think that?

PATRICK. Didn't Oi hear-r the way he was talk-in' to Misther-r Larry?

JIM. Yes, but why did he say he'd come?

PATRICK. To see Miss Worthington, he *said*.

PENELOPE. Tell us exactly what happened.

PATRICK. Misther-r Larry said, "Oi'm goin' to put y'u in th' Pen." Misther-r Hamilton says, "Oi've got some noos f'r y'u that'll make y'u forgit all about th' Pen," an' then he showed Misther-r Larry some papers. Misther-r Larry said, "Ye're a swindler," and throws th' papers in th' fire. (*He crosses to table R.C.*) Misther-r Hamilton screeched, "Damn you!" an' throwed Misther-r Larry ag'in' that table an' over it wint. Out wint th' lamp, ther-re was two shots, an' Misther-r Hamilton was leanin' agin' th' mantel, shot!

PENELOPE. (*To LARRY*) Is this true?

LARRY. Yes.

PENELOPE. That's all, Patrick. (*PATRICK exits L. through hall. PENELOPE sits on easy chair C.*)

JIM. Larry, I suppose you realize that when the Police come they'll want to know what was in those papers. Oh, for goodness' sake, my boy, better tell us and let us help you intelligently instead of working in the dark.

LARRY. I won't talk about it.

PENELOPE. If Jim tells you it is important for you to be frank, I'm sure he's right. You're far too young to make so serious a decision for yourself.

LARRY. (*Indignantly*) I'll be twenty-one on Thursday.

PENELOPE. Twenty-one on Thursday!

JIM. Larry, the papers you threw into the fire were only scorched. I've read them. If you're twenty-one on Thursday, that is all the evidence I need. (*He takes them from his pocket.*)

LARRY. Oh! Those papers belong to me! (*He comes to JIM*) Give them to me! Please. (*He tries to take the papers from JIM, who replaces them in his pocket and buttons his dressing gown over them.*)

JIM. These papers are legal evidence in a case I represent.

LARRY. What are you going to do with them?

JIM. Prove your identity. Will you take your oath that these papers are not genuine?

LARRY. I can't take my oath that they *are*. It would be so easy to fake them.

JIM. Fake? Your birth certificate is signed by a doctor in Shanghai, China. (*PENELOPE rises.*) Incidentally, I'll have that verified tomorrow.

LARRY. But don't you see what you're doing? You're taking their money away from them. It's rotten!

JIM. No! I'm winning a case I've been working on for twenty years! Larry, old boy, I admire your pluck—you're all right! But Pen would rather have you than all the money in the world.

PENELOPE. Jim—— What do you mean? (*She has been listening intently, looking first at one then at the other, eager, unable to realize the truth of what she hears.*)

JIM. My dear, Larry's name is Lawrence Derreau Worthington—— These papers prove his identity and his birth certificate is here. (*He crosses to PENELOPE; draws papers from his pocket.*)

PENELOPE. Why, it can't be true! His name would be Lawrence *de Grancy* Worthington.

JIM. Oh, no. His mother was Madame *de Grancy's* daughter by her first husband, Derreau. When *De Grancy* died she resumed the name of Derreau. That's why we couldn't find her. You can believe it, Pen. (*He gives her the papers*) It's true. Larry! (*LARRY crosses to JIM.*) You have your heart's desire, Pen. (*He exits R. and closes door.* PENELOPE looks at LARRY, then at charred papers in her hands as though dazed. She reads papers. LARRY stands looking at her intensely.)

PENELOPE. Lawrence!—It is true, then?—Oh, my dear—my dear! (*She goes to LARRY, holds his face tenderly in her hands and looks at him as though trying to see some resemblance to her brother. LARRY is very tense and pale.*)

LARRY. You don't know me—you never saw me until today. Why should I take your money?

PENELOPE. But it is *yours*—I want you to have it. That money has separated me from the only man I ever wanted to marry. He won't ask me because I have so much.

LARRY. I understand just how he feels.

PENELOPE. Isn't this absurd? We might be a chapter out of a mid-Victorian novel. Oh, how I've dreamed of finding my brother's son—of having someone with a real future to plan for. (*She holds out her hands to him, her eyes full of tears.*)

LARRY. And I've been kind of lonely—afraid of

flunking out of college because I had no home to go to. Gee, it's a rotten feeling!

PENELOPE. And you'll take the money, won't you—to please *me*?

LARRY. Will that fellow come to the point if I do?

PENELOPE. He won't if you *don't*!

LARRY. Well—I suppose I'll have to—if it will make you happy.

PENELOPE. It will—and I shall be so interested to see what you will do with it.

LARRY. Gee! Not half so interested as *I'll* be!

PENELOPE. I hope I don't spoil you.

LARRY. I hope you do.

PENELOPE. Well, let's begin at once. What do you want more than anything in the world?

LARRY. I want—Sally!

PENELOPE. I don't wonder. She's a darling. Larry, will you call me Aunt Pen?

LARRY. Sure—Aunt Pen. I don't know how old you are, but you don't look it!

PENELOPE. Oh, Larry—why didn't I find you long ago? I can only reward so spontaneous a burst of praise with a kiss.

LARRY. You won't have to ask me twice. (*They smile at one another. SALLY passes window and enters without ringing just in time to see LARRY put his arm around PENELOPE'S shoulders and give her a boyish kiss. They are standing under the mistle-toe.*)

SALLY. Larry!

PENELOPE. (*Laughing happily*) We're discovered! Oh, Sally—(*PENELOPE brings SALLY down c.*)—I want to present you to someone—I want to present you to my nephew, Mr. Lawrence Derreau Worthington.

SALLY. Your nephew?

PENELOPE. Isn't it wonderful?



ACT II

See page 50

SALLY. Larry? But—how strange? Are you *sure*?

PENELOPE. Quite. There isn't a doubt of it. Here are the proofs Hamilton brought. (*Enter JIM from R.*)

SALLY. I can hardly—— (*She looks at papers*) Oh, I'm glad for you, Pen—and Larry—but—it kind of gives me a funny feeling! It's too marvelous! (*She goes to LARRY*) But—do you *have* to kiss an aunt like that? I know a good many nephews—but I never saw one kiss an aunt willingly yet.

LARRY. No other fellow ever had such an aunt.

SALLY. Where's Daddy? Does he know?

PENELOPE. No, dear, not yet.

SALLY. Oh, Larry—I'm so frightened—— He hasn't come home!

JIM. He's here, Sally. (*He opens door R.*) Mr. Dale, there is someone here who is looking for you.

(*Enter DALE R. MRS. MANNERS comes downstairs. She is wearing the same tea gown. PENELOPE crosses upstage L.*)

SALLY. (*Running to DALE*) Oh, Daddy—you didn't come home!

DALE. (*R. of easy chair c.*) I'm sorry. I should have telephoned you.

MRS. MANNERS. (*Comes down c.*) Why, Jim Barton, what are you doing down here in your dressing gown?

PENELOPE. There has been an accident. (*Coming down to sofa L.*)

MRS. MANNERS. An accident? What happened?

JIM. (*Comes R.C.*) A man was shot here.

MRS. MANNERS. A man shot? It was because of that newspaper reporter. We shall all be burned in our beds or blown up!

PENELOPE. Aunt Emily, Mr. Hamilton was shot.

But he has found Lawrence's son for us. Lawrence Derreau Worthington. Here he is.

DALE. What?

SALLY. Yes, Daddy.

MRS. MANNERS. Lawrence's son? What nonsense are you talking? That Derreau boy? You're losing your mind.

PENELOPE. No, dear, it's true. His real name is Worthington—we found him quite by accident.

MRS. MANNERS. Accident? That's not an accident—it's a catastrophe!

PENELOPE. Oh, Aunt Emily! He's here—Won't you tell him how happy you are?

MRS. MANNERS. *Happy? I?*—He doesn't look like your brother. I don't believe it. (SALLY crosses L.)

JIM. Won't you take the word of Pen's legal representative?

MRS. MANNERS. No, not in *this* case. (She sits on easy chair R.C.)

JIM. Well, the proofs are there. (He gives her the papers to read. LARRY stands at one side, embarrassed and distressed.)

PENELOPE. Larry dear, Aunt Emily is so firmly convinced that we *never* could find you that it is difficult for her to change her mind. She was taught in her youth that it is a virtue to be firm.

LARRY. (Draws a locket from his watch chain, opens it, and gives it to MRS. MANNERS) Oh, this might interest Mrs. Manners. I'm just beginning to realize all it means myself. (He crosses to MRS. MANNERS, who puts on her glasses to examine locket. It contains PENELOPE'S picture as a young girl and an inscription. She looks up at LARRY breathlessly.)

MRS. MANNERS. "To Lawrence from Penelope, September 3d, 1909."

LARRY. I always called it "Penny-lope." (*He gives the locket to PENELOPE.*)

MRS. MANNERS. (*Rising*). Then you really are Lawrence's son.

LARRY. I'm finding it just as hard to believe as you are.

PENELOPE. (*At L.C. SALLY looks over her shoulder at locket*) That funny old picture! Oh, Larry, how well I remember giving it to your father as he left for China. (*She examines locket.*)

MRS. MANNERS. Well—at least you're not a Chinese Worthington. (*PHONE rings. DALE answers it. LARRY crosses to SALLY. They sit on lower end of sofa L.*)

DALE. Who? Police Headquarters to speak to you, Penelope.

SALLY. Police Headquarters?

LARRY. Yes, Sally.

PENELOPE. Oh! (*She answers phone. DALE stands above easy chair c.*) Yes, this is Miss Worthington.—Murphy? There is no one here by the name of Murphy. He hasn't come yet. I'll tell him to call you as soon as he comes. (*She puts up the receiver.*)

JIM. What on earth can be keeping him?

SALLY. The Police coming here?

MRS. MANNERS. The Police?

LARRY. They must, Sally.

PENELOPE. (*Crossing to sofa L.*) Sally, darling, we shall need all our courage. Larry was here—in this room—with Arthur Hamilton. He had quarreled with him.

SALLY. Larry wasn't to blame—I know he wasn't.

PENELOPE. Your father stood outside that window—just where the shot came through.

SALLY. Oh! Daddy! (*She rises.*)

PENELOPE. The man threw Larry against that table—the lamp went out. Two shots were fired—

one from Hamilton's pistol. We don't know who fired the second shot.

SALLY. Then you think Daddy——

PENELOPE. We don't, darling, we don't—— But *who* did it?

SALLY. They think Daddy did it—or—(To LARRY)—you! (*She crosses to c.*)

LARRY. (*Crossing to SALLY*) He shot at me. I didn't have a gun. Do you believe me, Sally?

SALLY. Of course I believe you. *Arthur Hamilton*—isn't—dead?

LARRY. No, only wounded. I'll never forget that you believed in me.

SALLY. Why, of course I do, Larry. (*She looks into his eyes earnestly, tenderly. LARRY kisses her, quite unconscious of the OTHERS. She steps back, embarrassed, happy, smiling shyly at LARRY*) Well, you kissed me too, anyway!

DALE. (*Looks at them, startled*) Well——

SALLY. (*Crosses to DALE at L. of chair c.*) Daddy!

DALE. There's something here that I don't quite understand—— Might I——

PENELOPE. You might give them your blessing. (*She tenderly places a hand on LARRY'S shoulder and smiles adorably at them.*)

SALLY. It's up to you now, Larry. Come along into the other room, Daddy, and we'll tell you all about it. Come on, Larry. (*She takes LARRY'S arm coaxingly.*)

DALE. Now, I've told you, Sally—— (*SALLY starts for music-room.*)

LARRY. (*Taking DALE out R. by the arm*) Remember what you wrote, Mr. Dale—"Happy they who marry young."

DALE. But what I write is *fiction*, Larry. (*LARRY, SALLY and DALE exit R. MRS. MANNERS is sitting*

in easy chair R.C., as though overcome. JIM goes to fireplace.)

PENELOPE. (*To MRS. MANNERS*) Come and rest, dear. This is too much for you.

MRS. MANNERS. Oh, it isn't the shooting that I mind—it's finding *that boy*.

PENELOPE. But that's what we've been longing for.

MRS. MANNERS. (*Putting papers on chair beside her*) You did. I didn't. Think what it means to me. For years I've been living in Europe because it was cheap, longing to come home, aching to see my old friends—— Here I'm a dependent. It's *your home, your car, your friends*. Even my trips to Europe were all your generosity to me! And on Thursday I should have been free—rich—independent. I could have done the thousand little nice things I've wanted to do for others instead of always saying, "Thank you." (*Rises*) How can *you* understand? You've never wanted anything in your whole life that it hasn't been given you. Even this boy is another wish gratified. *You've* never suffered!—And now I have to seem pleased and glad to see him come home again—— I *hate* him!

PENELOPE. Darling! (*PENELOPE goes toward her tenderly, her distressed face full of sympathy. MRS. MANNERS turns away from her petulantly.*)

MRS. MANNERS. Don't touch me—— I can go upstairs alone. (*She walks tottering to the stairs, as though exhausted, then climbs weakly upstairs.*)

PENELOPE. (*Looks after her in consternation and distress*) Jim—did you hear her? She hates Larry. She's going to be very difficult

JIM. (*Coming R.C.*) She's disappointed, Pen. Forget it. Go upstairs to her as though nothing had happened.

PENELOPE. Oh, I will. (*She goes to foot of stairs*

and turns toward him.) Jim, if nobody ever marries me I may grow old just like Aunt Emily.

JIM. You?—*Like that?* Not if I can help it.

PENELOPE. Is there anything you could do?

JIM. Well—I'm the family lawyer.

PENELOPE. Oh, Jim, you make me tired!—I hope you mellow with age! *(She goes upstairs. JIM goes with her to the foot of stairs, and watches her out of sight. PATRICK enters from cloakroom with JIM's business coat.)*

JIM. Thank you, Patrick. *(PATRICK helps him off with his dressing gown and on with the coat.)*

PATRICK. Oi thought y'u'd want ut, sir-r. *(PATRICK exits L. with dressing gown over arm.)*

(MURPHY and BILLY pass window from R. DOORBELL rings. PATRICK re-enters and admits them. MURPHY is a good-looking Irishman of forty who has been raised from police force to the detective service. He has dark hair, heavy dark eyebrows and lashes, and is clean shaven. He chews gum and, when deeply interested, chews noticeably. BILLY is a keen-eyed, quick-witted, young American policeman who supplies intelligence to his superior officer.)

MURPHY. This Miss Worthington's house?

PATRICK. Yes, sir.

MURPHY. She's expectin' me.

PATRICK. I'll tell 'er you're 'ere, sir. *(Exits upstairs.)*

JIM. *(Comes c.)* My name's Barton. You come from Police Headquarters?

MURPHY. Yes—Murphy—Plain Clothes Squad. *(He pulls back coat lapel and shows badge. BILLY looks back of sofa L.)*

JIM. Police Headquarters wants you on the telephone. Here it is.

MURPHY. (*Takes receiver*) Take a look around, Billy. (*During phone conversation BILLY crosses to JIM, whom he looks over from head to foot. JIM shows slight annoyance and crosses to fire. BILLY goes to window; sees hole made by bullet in pane, then to gun on table. He repeats business in looking over JIM at fireplace. JIM comes R.C.*) Hello, Central. Gimme Police Headquarters.—That you, Chief? This is Murphy. We just got here this minute. Say, Chief, one o' them fast trucks skidded on a curve an' run us in a ditch. We got patched up as quick as we could an', halfway here, we got a flat. Can y'u beat ut? Thought we *never would* get here! —The truck? Ut sure was goin' fast.—Bootlegger? —*Naw!*—Ut was full o' milk cans!—That's all right.—I'll take charge here. So long, Chief. (*He hangs up receiver; comes down R.C.*) Now I want all th' facts in this case.

(*BILLY gets out notebook and pencil and sits on lower end of sofa R. He takes shorthand notes of all that JIM says with a keen glance at JIM three times during the recital. After which he closes book and puts it in inside pocket. He always leaves the C. of the stage for JIM and MURPHY.*)

JIM. A man by the name of *Arthur Hamilton* came here a little after six tonight to see Miss Worthington. Her nephew, a young fellow of about twenty, came in and accused Hamilton of having stolen some papers. Hamilton furiously denied the charge, struck him and knocked him against that table. (*BILLY crosses up R.*) The lamp crashed to the floor and went out. There were two shots in the dark. The butler ran in and turned on the light. Hamilton was leaning against the mantel, shot.

MURPHY. Where is he?

JIM. In the hospital.

MURPHY. Th' ambulance got here *first*. (*He looks at BILLY*) This is a hell uv a place to find in th' dark. Well, was Hamilton hurt bad?

JIM. I don't think so. He spoke to Mr. Dale, who came in just before the ambulance arrived.

MURPHY. Well, where did ut happen?

JIM. There—by the fire. He stood just there. Larry stood there. That lamp is the one that was knocked over. That is the gun on the table.

MURPHY. (*Carefully opens a dirty handkerchief. BILLY quickly gives him his own clean one. MURPHY picks up pistol in it, breaks it and sees that it has been fired once*) This is a short barrel Colt thirty-eight. (*He carefully wraps it in handkerchief and puts it in pocket.*)

BILLY. (*At window*) Psst! (*MURPHY crosses to window. He and BILLY examine pane. BILLY whispers to MURPHY*) There were two shots.

MURPHY. You say there were two shots? (*He crosses down again.*)

JIM. Yes.

MURPHY. Who fired the second one?

JIM. That's the question. (*BILLY crosses down to chair below table R.C.*)

MURPHY. Somebody musta stood outside that winda—who was it?

JIM. Mr. Dale, a neighbor.

MURPHY. Then Dale or this Larry must uv done ut!

JIM. Dale hadn't a pistol on him when he came in here—we searched him.

MURPHY. What about the other guy?

JIM. He had one in his hand. He said it was Hamilton's pistol which he had just picked up.

MURPHY. Well, any damn fool ought to know better than to do that. He's messed up th' fingerprints. That's th' gun I just picked up?

JIM. Yes—the one you found on that table. *My* finger-prints are on that gun and so are Mr. Dale's.

MURPHY. *They are!* Well, you *are* a smart bunch! What makes you think it was Hamilton's gun?

JIM. I just told you that Larry said it was.

MURPHY. Say, you're *too* easy! Ain't that just like an amateur?

JIM. Well, I'm not quite an amateur. (*He takes Secret Service badge from pocket.*)

MURPHY. Oh—Secret Service?

JIM. No, only a lawyer who did a little business for the State. The Governor thought I might find this useful.

MURPHY. (*He turns to BILLY*) Th' Guv'nor?

BILLY. (*Whispers*) The Governor!

MURPHY. Y'u don't say! An' y'u wear a Secret Service badge an' yet y'u picked up that gun with your bare hand!

JIM. I took it from Larry to see whether the two shots had been fired from it. Larry had already covered Hamilton's finger-prints—if there were any there. You have just examined that gun yourself. You know that there is only one empty chamber.

MURPHY. That's right. You must suspect *somebody*?

JIM. It all happened in the dark.

MURPHY. So you said.—Say, who was present at this shootin'?

JIM. So far as I know—Hamilton, Dale and Larry.

MURPHY. I'd like to see this Larry.

JIM. I'll get him for you. (*He goes to R. door.*)

BILLY. (*Rises, crosses to MURPHY and draws his attention to charred bits of paper on hearth. He whispers*) There must have been important papers burnt there. (*MURPHY nods emphatically.*)

JIM. (*Opens music-room door and calls*) Larry,

Larry! (BILLY sits down R.C. again. LARRY enters R.) This is Mr. Murphy, a detective from Police Headquarters. (JIM goes to fireplace.)

LARRY. (Comes to MURPHY R.C.) Do you want me to tell you what happened?

MURPHY. (Looks at him keenly) Mr. Barton told me most uv th' facts in th' case. Who is this feller, Hamilton?

(BILLY takes notebook and pencil from pocket and writes important name or information. HAMILTON'S name. "Lawyer from San Francisco had taken papers from LARRY'S grandmother's safe deposit box. LARRY didn't expect to see HAMILTON. Didn't shoot him." BILLY starts to take name and address of James C. Brown, but stops when LARRY offers to write it himself.)

LARRY. He's a lawyer from San Francisco.

MURPHY. Y'u told 'im he had stole some papers?

LARRY. He had taken important papers from my grandmother's safe deposit box out there.

MURPHY. An' y'u told 'im so! Why didn't y'u talk to 'im pleasant-like and send f'r the Police?

LARRY. I didn't expect to see him. I just came in for my overcoat, and—there he was.

MURPHY. So he shot at y'u—an' y'u shot him—in self-defense?

LARRY. No. I didn't shoot at all.

MURPHY. Who did? Dale?

LARRY. He never did it. You'd only have to look at him to see that.

MURPHY. Looks is sometimes mighty deceivin'. Do you suspect anybody?

LARRY. No.

MURPHY. How c'n I get the dope on this Hamilton?

LARRY. That's easy. Telegraph to San Francisco

to James C. Brown—— Here, I'll write it for you. *(He goes to table L. and writes address in notebook which he takes from BILLY, who is startled)* Six hundred and thirty-nine State Street. *(Returns notebook)* Use my name, Lawrence Derreau—I'll write it. *(Seizing notebook again. To BILLY's surprise. He writes his name and hands book to MURPHY, then crosses to sofa L. and sits.)*

MURPHY. That's O.K. I'll telegraph. Here, Billy, y'u keep this. *(He gives book to BILLY, who puts it in his pocket.)* What about this Dale? Does he know Hamilton?

JIM. Yes, he does. He's here if you want to see him.

MURPHY. Dale knows Hamilton, too? Billy, we'll have to go to th' hospital and get the dope on this guy, Hamilton. Y'u say Hamilton ain't hurt bad?

JIM. I don't think so. Just knocked out for the moment.

BILLY. *(Whispers to MURPHY)* Can't you leave these people with the Secret Service man while we find out about Hamilton from the hospital and San Francisco? No use asking them questions unless you know the facts. *(MURPHY nods assent. BILLY crosses back of MURPHY and looks LARRY over. LARRY, annoyed, rises and crosses up back of sofa. BILLY stares at him, then sits on sofa himself.)*

MURPHY. Say, as you're one uv th' force, sort uv, s'posen I leave these people in your care till Billy an' me go to th' hospital an' get Hamilton's story? There's no tellin'—he may croak—so we ain't got no time to waste. We'll telephone to San Francisco. There's no use wastin' time askin' them people a lot uv questions unless I know they're tellin' me th' truth. Will you be responsible for them?

JIM. If you get in touch with people in San Francisco it may take all night. Suppose I ask Miss Worthington to put them up here tonight? Then

you could see them all here at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. I'll be responsible for them.

MURPHY. You'll have everybody here that was here at th' time uv th' shootin'? Dale—Larry—all th' help—everyone uv y'u?

JIM. Everyone.

MURPHY. All right—that's O.K. Now, where's th' telephone?

JIM. On that table just where you left it.

MURPHY. (*Takes receiver and jangles it impatiently*) Hello, Central—gimme Police Headquarters— Say, step on ut, Sister! (*BILLY crosses to MURPHY and gives him notebook.*) Hello—that you, Chief? This is Murphy again. Say, I want a couple o' men up here tonight. Well, they took the guy that was shot down to the hospital before we got here. Me an' Billy gotta beat ut right down to th' hospital now to get the guy's story if he's in any sort uv condition to talk. What's that?—Oh, they say he ain't hurt bad, but I want to see for myself. There's a Secret Service feller here by th' name uv —(*BILLY points out name in notebook and repeats it before MURPHY gets it*)—Barton. He'll be responsible f'r them witnesses while me an' Billy go down to th' hospital an' get some people in San Francisco on long distance, see? It may take all night, but ut's got to be did—— Oh, they're all here in this house—— Oh, sure, s-u-r-e!—Yeah, but Barton's a *friend* uv th' Missus, see?—All right, Chief, I'm off—but I want them men up here quick, all th' same—get me?

JIM. You'll find us all here tomorrow morning, Murphy.

MURPHY. *S-u-r-e!* But th' police'll be here too, see?—An' me an' Billy's goin' to stick around outside till they come! Billy! (*BILLY whispers in MURPHY's ear as they exit by front door to R. LARRY crosses down to JIM.*)

JIM. Larry, this is an ugly business. In order to do my best for you I must know all there is to know.

LARRY. I didn't shoot Hamilton, on my honor.

JIM. I believe you, but it's a pity that you ever touched Hamilton's gun. You covered his fingerprints with your own and you were found with the gun in your hand. That may be hard to explain.

LARRY. I never thought of fingerprints. I just picked it up.

JIM. That will have very little weight with Murphy. I'll do what I can, Larry.

LARRY. Thank you, sir.

(PENELOPE comes downstairs. LARRY goes to cloak room for coat.)

PENELOPE. I persuaded Aunt Emily to go to bed and have her dinner sent upstairs. (*She rings.*)

(LARRY re-enters; puts on coat. He picks up cap from chair and comes forward to say goodbye. As he turns right side to audience the hole burned by pistol shot through pocket is plainly visible.)

JIM. Oh, Larry, you'll all have to stay in this house tonight—I promised Murphy to keep everybody here until tomorrow morning. Can you have us all here tonight?

PENELOPE. Yes, of course. We've plenty of room. (*Crosses below sofa. She sees hole in coat*) Larry! There's a hole burned in your coat!

LARRY. Where?

PENELOPE. There, by your pocket!

LARRY. (*Looks down and sees hole*) Gosh! Now who could have—— (*Feels gun*) Oh! (*He starts for hall.*)

JIM. Larry, come here. (LARRY comes slowly, reluctantly.) What's in that pocket?

LARRY. Don't ask, Colonel Jim.

JIM. I must, old boy. (LARRY slowly takes pistol from pocket and gives it to JIM.)

PENELOPE. Larry!—Oh, Larry!

JIM. (Breaks pistol) Fired—once—— Have you any explanation to make?

LARRY. No. I'll get my things at once. (He starts toward hall.)

JIM. One minute! (LARRY stops.) I'll have to ask you to leave that coat in the coatroom—just as you found it. (JIM goes to LARRY in hall.)

LARRY. (Taking coat off) Yes—of course—I understand, sir. (JIM drops pistol back into pocket as he found it.)

JIM. Telephone and have your things sent over.

LARRY. Thanks. (JIM crosses to R.)

PENELOPE. Larry! (She goes to him, puts her arm around his shoulder and kisses him like a mother.)

LARRY. It's all right, Aunt Pen. (Enter ROLLINS L.)

PENELOPE. Yes, dear, I'm sure it is! Will you tell Sally and Mr. Dale that we'll be glad to have them stay here for the night?

LARRY. Yes, of course. (Gives ROLLINS his coat. LARRY exits R.)

JIM. (To C.) Did you ring for Rollins?

PENELOPE. Oh, yes—I had forgotten. We must have dinner. (ROLLINS puts coat in cloak room.)

JIM. Why bother with dinner? You're very tired. Go to bed, Pen.

PENELOPE. But this is Christmas.

JIM. We've forgotten all about Christmas. Have something sent up. You'll all need all the rest you can get before tomorrow. (ROLLINS enters from hall.)

PENELOPE. I believe we will. Rollins, Miss Sally, Mr. Dale and Mr. Larry will be here for the night. I think they would like to have something sent upstairs.

ROLLINS. (*Starts L.*) Very good, Madam.

JIM. Bring me some coffee and sandwiches here, will you, Rollins? That's all I want—coffee and sandwiches.

ROLLINS. Very good, sir. (*He exits L.; closes door.*)

PENELOPE. I believe I'm very tired.

JIM. Of course you are. (*He takes her hand tenderly.*)

PENELOPE. Oh, Jim, I can't bear it! (*He puts his arm around her and she leans her head against his shoulder.*)

JIM. Oh, yes, you can. Brace up, Pen. He told me he didn't do it. I believe him.

PENELOPE. But—that coat!—that *pistol*!—the *Police* are coming!

JIM. Yes—I know—and he was found with Hamilton's gun in his hand. But I'm not worrying.

PENELOPE. I'm really frightened! (*She looks up at him in distress.*)

JIM. Now get this into your mind. *He* didn't shoot Hamilton!

(*Enter SALLY, DALE and LARRY from R.*)

DALE. (*To R.C., beside chair. LARRY above sofa L.*) Penelope, is it true that we must all stay here for the night? (*JIM up near window.*)

PENELOPE. There's plenty of room. You can telephone for anything you want from home.

DALE. But we're distressed to give you so much trouble.

PENELOPE. It is no trouble. I couldn't have more welcome guests.

SALLY. (*Crosses to PEN*) Pen, darling, you look so tired. I'm so sorry—so terribly sorry!

PENELOPE. Come upstairs—I'll show you to your rooms.

SALLY. I've never been here over night.

LARRY. You're one of the family.

SALLY. (*To PENELOPE*) You really want me?—Perhaps—if you knew——

PENELOPE. Of course I do, dearest. (*She kisses SALLY*) I'll see you upstairs, Larry. Goodnight, Jim.

JIM. Goodnight. (*PENELOPE exits upstairs with SALLY, who waves her hand to LARRY. DALE follows them.*)

DALE. Goodnight.

LARRY. I feel as though it were a year since yesterday. (*Crosses and sits below table R.C.*)

JIM. (*Coming down below sofa R.*) Yes. Well, the thing we've got to think about is tomorrow. (*He sits on lower arm of sofa.*)

LARRY. There's been no word from the hospital.

JIM. No, thank God. No news is good news.

LARRY. And all this trouble about a rotter like him!

JIM. Well, it has brought you and Pen together—that is something.

LARRY. Yes, it's *everything*! You've known her a long time?

JIM. All her life.

LARRY. And my father?

JIM. He was my best friend. Goodnight, Larry.

LARRY. Goodnight, sir. (*He exits upstairs.*)

PATRICK. (*Enters L. with sandwiches and coffee*) There you ar-re, sir-r.

JIM. Thank you. (*Sits at table and eats.*)

PATRICK. I hope you enjoy this better than the canned Willie you used to have in France, sir-r.



ACT II

See page 62

JIM. We had some pretty tough times over there, didn't we, Sergeant?

PATRICK. Yes, sir-r, but ut wasn't *all* mud an' cooties.

JIM. No, it wasn't.

PATRICK. (*Looking to see that LARRY is gone*)
Do you think could y'u get Misther-r Larry off?

JIM. Only if he shot in self-defense or if it was an accident. But when a man takes a gun in his hand and points it at another man, it can't very well be an accident, can it?

PATRICK. Misther-r Hamilton ain't goin' to die, is he, sir-r?

JIM. The Doctor who came with the ambulance promised to telephone if he took a turn for the worse. He hasn't telephoned.

PATRICK. Oi'd loike to thank y'u f'r th' box uv cigar-rs, sir-r.

JIM. That's all right, Sergeant.

(PATRICK starts to salute in military fashion, smiles, exits L. JIM drinks coffee. Suddenly puts cup down as though thinking about shot. He crosses to where LARRY had stood, holds out arm as though aiming pistol, and looks intently at wall opposite. He sees bullet-hole in edge of mantel, quickly crosses floor and examines it closely, then back toward window, still intently looking at hole, as though to see if it had come from pistol fired from window. He returns to mantel, digs bullet out with penknife and puts it in vest pocket. He then stands where HAMILTON had stood, aims imaginary pistol, looks intently at wall opposite and sees nothing, then catches sight of bullet-hole in floor at edge of rug. He stoops to examine it; replaces rug to cover hole. He turns out LIGHTS at switch at L. door. Lamps R. and chandelier off. Gets

LARRY's coat from cloakroom; arranges pillows and lies down on sofa and puts overcoat over him. He turns out lamp L. Only LIGHT in room, moonlight and firelight. A few seconds of silence. LARRY, in dressing gown, comes quietly downstairs; goes to cloakroom. His shadow is seen on hall wall. JIM silently and swiftly reaches to lamp on table L. and pulls on LIGHT. LARRY enters quickly, facing him.)

JIM. Looking for your overcoat? I'm a little uneasy about things, so I'm going to spend the night here. I've got your overcoat to keep me warm.

LARRY. Oh, I see. That's all right. Hope I didn't disturb you, sir.

JIM. Well, just for a minute, but I'll soon drop off.

LARRY. Shall I put a log on the fire?

JIM. No, thanks. I prefer the dark.

LARRY. Goodnight, sir.

JIM. Goodnight, Larry.

(LARRY exits upstairs. As he disappears JIM pulls out LIGHT in lamp L. A few seconds of silence. SALLY comes downstairs and goes quickly to the front door. JIM sits up on sofa, watching her intently, but does not pull on light. She has her back turned toward him and does not see him. She opens front door and is seen outside window, searching for pistol. JIM puts coat on desk chair and strides quickly to side of window; pulls aside curtain just enough to see what SALLY is doing. He watches her intently. Her search is in vain. She enters vestibule and, while she is locking outside door, JIM slips behind window curtain. She enters and exits upstairs. JIM rubs fingerprints from SALLY's pistol, then goes outside and tramples out her foot-

prints. PENELOPE, in negligee, comes quietly downstairs; pauses to listen on landing, then at foot of stairs. Her shadow is seen on the wall. She goes to cloakroom. JIM enters and pulls LIGHT on table R.)

PENELOPE. (*Turns toward him, startled*) Oh!

JIM. Anything the matter?

PENELOPE. (C.) Yes—no—— What are you doing here?

JIM. I feel responsible to Murphy. I've got to see that he finds everything as he left it.

PENELOPE. I'm so worried about that pistol!

JIM. But Larry said he didn't fire it.

PENELOPE. Oh, I know he did, but *they'll* never believe him, *never*.

JIM. Do you believe him?

PENELOPE. I don't know. I want to, but I'm terrified! Jim, suppose that man were to die?

JIM. (*Sitting with her on sofa L.*) I don't think it's a serious wound. It knocked him out for a moment, but he spoke to Dale.

PENELOPE. But even so, whoever shot him may be sent to prison for years. Can't we hide that pistol?

JIM. Can't you see that to hide it would add to the appearance of his guilt?

PENELOPE. But that detective doesn't know it exists!

JIM. Oh, yes, he does—he knows that two shots were fired. He's no fool. He's giving us a chance to treat him fairly and frankly or to try to mislead him. We'll play the game.

PENELOPE. I can't give Larry up now—I can't give him up—I can't—I can't!

JIM. But, darling—what can I do?

PENELOPE. Why not burn the overcoat? (*Rises and crosses to C.*) There—in that fire. Then no one

could prove that the pistol was fired from Larry's pocket.

JIM. (*Rises and crosses to PENELOPE*) But suppose Larry didn't fire it? You would destroy the very evidence which might save him.

PENELOPE. You mean that some one else may have fired that pistol from Larry's pocket?

JIM. Somebody did. I was there, Pen.

PENELOPE. *You?* You *couldn't* have done it!

JIM. Not to save Larry's life?

PENELOPE. Jim, my dear—not *you?*—Hamilton may *die?*

JIM. He may.

PENELOPE. Then I will burn that overcoat. You can't stop me. It's the only evidence there is. (*She goes swiftly to the cloakroom; flings open door; looks inside; sees overcoat is gone. JIM gets coat from chair and puts it over his arm.*) It's gone! (*She comes c.*) Did you destroy it?

JIM. (*Patting coat*) No—it's my ace of trumps!

PENELOPE. What do you mean?

JIM. (*Speaking sternly*) This is a game for *men* to play—Murphy and me. What do you know of the value of evidence—of the tricks he may use to trap a witness?

PENELOPE. Oh, Jim!

JIM. *Trust* me, Pen. I'll do my best for Larry and—for *you*. The Law may sometimes make a mistake—but not often!

PENELOPE. But—Hamilton may *die!*

JIM. And he may be peacefully sleeping at this moment and all this worry for nothing. Telephone, Pen—call up the hospital. (*PENELOPE goes swiftly to the telephone. JIM leaves coat on easy chair c.*)

PENELOPE. Hello—give me the hospital, please. (*JIM crosses down r.*) Hello.—This is Miss Worthington speaking. Can you tell me how Mr. Arthur Hamilton is?—Resting quietly?—Oh, thank you.

(*She hangs up and comes to sofa R.*) She was told to say he's *resting quietly*. Oh, Jim, what a relief! I want you to tell me something! Did you do it? I can't bear to think that you did even until tomorrow! (*At upper end of sofa R.*)

JIM. (*Below mantel*) Don't ask me!

PENELOPE. *Please, Jim, please!*

JIM. I'm not telling you anything. The less you know the better.

PENELOPE. You must tell me—I can't bear the suspense.

JIM. Murphy will follow clue after clue until he solves this problem. You are not implicated in any way. Keep out of it. Trust me.

PENELOPE. I do. (*Sits on sofa R.*)

JIM. Yes, but you signed that paper for Hamilton for half a million dollars after I had warned you not to.

PENELOPE. But he threatened to go away and never tell about Larry.

JIM. If he had had a man to deal with I think he would have changed his mind.

PENELOPE. You must think me so stupid.

JIM. Stupid? I think you the most impulsive, unreasonable—adorable—of women.

PENELOPE. Jim, I warn you that if you ask me to marry you, you do so at your peril.

JIM. The only reason why you want to marry me is because I've never asked you.

PENELOPE. You've had several opportunities.

JIM. I've been dodging them for years.

PENELOPE. Do you mean to tell me——?

JIM. I do—and if I had asked you, my fate would have been that of all the other men who have fluttered about you—and I must say, Pen, they have been numerous and varied!

PENELOPE. (*Rises and goes below sofa*) I've loved you always. (*She sits on lower arm of sofa R.*)

JIM. (*Crossing up around to L. of sofa*) You know perfectly well why I never asked you to marry me.

PENELOPE. *How soon* will you marry me?

JIM. Pen!

PENELOPE. Larry will have all the money now.

JIM. It isn't just a whim? You really mean it?

PENELOPE. Well, why didn't you long ago?

JIM. It takes courage to marry you. I should have been merely the rich Miss Worthington's husband.

PENELOPE. I'll give you one more chance to escape. Do you want to be free?

JIM. (*Rests one knee on chair below table R.C.*) No, darling! (*He kisses her.*)

PENELOPE. (*Rises; crosses C.*) I must go quickly before you change your mind—dearest.

(*WARN Curtain.*)

JIM. Pen! (*He kisses her. She goes upstairs, pausing to smile at him from the landing. He goes to her and takes her hands*) Good night, Pen darling. (*He kisses her hand.*)

(*PENELOPE exits upstairs. Smiling, he returns C., carries LARRY'S overcoat to cloakroom, and hangs it as he has found it. He returns to table R. and lights cigarette. There is a sharp TAP on the glass of the window. He looks up, startled, and quickly pulls off the LIGHT. A second sharp TAP. JIM takes HAMILTON'S pistol from his pocket and stands waiting. A third TAP. MURPHY is plainly seen in the moonlight outside the window. JIM goes to window. MURPHY motions for him to open the door. JIM pulls on the LIGHT on table R. He opens door silently. Enter MURPHY.*)

MURPHY. I got San Francisco sooner'n I expected.

JIM. (*Crossing to L.C.*) So I see.

MURPHY. Hamilton's dead!

JIM. Dead! The hospital didn't say that.

MURPHY. I told 'em not to.

JIM. Dead? The hospital said he was *resting quietly*.

MURPHY. (*Turns down R.*) He is. He's *restin' quietly*.

JIM. Oh! (*A pause while they look one another sternly in the eye.*)

MURPHY. (*Starts to C.*) Now—I want that boy.

JIM. Tomorrow morning at *nine o'clock*, Murphy, and *not before!* Have a cigarette? (*He offers one.*)

CURTAIN

ACT THREE

SCENE: *The same.*

Half-past eight o'clock on the following morning.

SUNLIGHT on wintry landscape outside windows.

The sofa R. and chairs and table R.C. have been moved nearer the fireplace, to give more room for action of Third Act in Center stage.

AT RISE: MURPHY is lounging on sofa R., chewing gum. Enter PATRICK L. with half a dozen newspapers which he puts on table R.C. He puts easy chair near C. of stage and removes tray JIM had used the night before.

JIM. (*Enters from stairs, crossing R.*) Morning, Murphy!

MURPHY. Morning!

PATRICK. Anythin' Oi can do f'r y'u, sir-r?

JIM. Nothing, thank you, Patrick. (*PATRICK looks apprehensively at MURPHY and exits upstairs.*)

Here are the morning papers. (*Sits easy chair C.*)

MURPHY. I see 'em. (*He chews gum slowly, regularly, ceaselessly*) Anything about Hamilton?

JIM. Everything! (*He reads headlines aloud*) "Fatal Shooting in Long Island Home," "Wealthy San Francisco Lawyer Shot," "Society Murder"—They all have it.

MURPHY. I give ut to 'em.

JIM. You?—Why?

MURPHY. Them noospaper chaps is as keen as a

weasel after noos. If Billy an' me misses any clues, they'll find 'em.

JIM. (*Rises*) I'm surprised that they haven't been here.

MURPHY. I give 'em th' noos on condition that they give me a chance *first*, see? They'll be here, all right—when I tell 'em to.

JIM. (*Puts his cigarette butt in ashtray and offers his case to MURPHY*) Change your mind and have a cigarette?

MURPHY. Nope—I never smoke when I'm on dooty—I chew gum. (*His jaws work slowly, methodically.*)

JIM. So I notice. I hope it's a soothing occupation.

MURPHY. Helps me to think—— Like to try ut? (*Offers JIM a package of chewing-gum.*)

JIM. No, thanks.

MURPHY. Say, when are them people comin' downstairs? Ut's after half-past eight. We seen all th' help in th' house. There sure is a crowd. This house is like a hotel. They was all out but Rollins an' Patrick because ut was Christmas. Billy and me want to get through here *some* time today.

JIM. Oh—Billy's here, too?

MURPHY. Uv course. You don't suppose I'd 'a' been so peaceful all night unless he *was* here, do y'u? Billy's a crackerjack!

JIM. Well, then, as he's here and several policemen are on guard outside and there is no possible chance of anybody's escaping, suppose you come into the dining room and have some breakfast? I promised to have everybody here at nine o'clock. They'll be here at *nine*, but not before. How about a cup of coffee? (*Crosses up L.*)

MURPHY. (*Rising*) Sounds good to me.

JIM. (*To dining room*) Come in here.

(JIM opens L. door. MURPHY exits, carrying his overcoat and cap. JIM closes door behind him and rings bell pull. MURPHY silently opens door a moment later, looks out to see what JIM is doing and hastily closes door as JIM turns toward him, leaving it slightly ajar. JIM quickly gathers up all newspapers and puts them out of sight in cloakroom, closing door.)

PATRICK. (*Enters downstairs*) Did y'u ring, sir-r?

JIM. Yes. Mr. Murphy is in the dining room. Do you think you could take him in some breakfast?

PATRICK. Very good, sir-r. (*He exits L.*)

LARRY. (*Comes downstairs*) Good morning, Colonel Jim.

JIM. (*Sits on sofa L.*) Good morning.

LARRY. (*Crosses to c.*) Any news from the hospital?

JIM. Well, Larry—they haven't telephoned.

LARRY. Gosh, what a relief! Hamilton must be getting along all right. (*He sits in easy chair R.C.*) The ambulance surgeon *promised* to telephone if it was serious. Aunt Pen down yet?

JIM. No.

LARRY. Have the morning papers come?

JIM. Eh?

LARRY. Morning paper come?

JIM. I—don't see them.

LARRY. (*Sits*) Do you suppose they've printed something about Hamilton already?

JIM. Oh—probably. (*PENELOPE comes downstairs. MEN rise.*)

LARRY. Good morning!

PENELOPE. (*Crosses to LARRY*) Oh, Larry, you really *are* here! It isn't all a dream, then? And—Jim—— (*Crosses to JIM. She kisses JIM good-morning.*)

LARRY. Well!

PENELOPE. Larry, Jim and I have a delightful surprise for you.

LARRY. Surprise? You don't need to say *one* word! A look at you is enough to tell the world!

PENELOPE. We think it's pretty nice.

LARRY. Where is Sally? (PENELOPE *sits on sofa* L. DALE *comes down stairs*.)

ALL. Good morning.

DALE. Good morning. Any news? (*Crosses down to fire*.)

JIM. Not yet. Well, well, and how's the future President this morning? (SALLY *comes downstairs in time to hear him. She is pale and nervous*.)

SALLY. The future President didn't sleep very well, Colonel Jim. (*Crosses to c. DALE warms his hands at fire*.)

LARRY. Sally, I thought you *never* were coming down.

SALLY. Have you heard from the hospital?

LARRY. They haven't telephoned.

SALLY. They promised!

PENELOPE. I called the hospital last night. They told me that Hamilton was *resting quietly*.

SALLY. Oh! (*She sits on easy chair R.C.*)

LARRY. Mr. Dale—(DALE *turns*)—I read your book again last night—it put me to sleep.

DALE. (*Laughing*) Well——

PENELOPE. Larry! You haven't mingled with the literary enough to realize how sensitive they are.

LARRY. Oh, I didn't mean——

DALE. I went to sleep over it any number of times, Larry. You have my heartfelt sympathy. (*The L. door opens and MURPHY enters*.)

JIM. (*Glancing at his wrist watch*) Nine o'clock. You're just on time, Murphy. Mr. Murphy has come from Police Headquarters. This is Miss Worthington.

PENELOPE. Good morning.

MURPHY. (C.) Thank y'u f'r th' nice breakfast, Miss Worthington. I needed ut.

PENELOPE. Breakfast? (*She looks inquiringly at JIM, who nods*) Oh, yes! You're very welcome, I'm sure. (*She crosses and rings bell.*)

JIM. This is Mr. Dale, Murphy.

MURPHY. Y'u're th' feller that stood outside that winda?

DALE. Yes, I am. (*Enter ROLLINS L.*)

PENELOPE. (*Back of sofa*) Rollins, I want you and Patrick to come here while Mr. Murphy asks us all a few questions. (*Drops down L.*)

ROLLINS. Very good, Madam. I'll bring Patrick.

MURPHY. Say, bring Billy with y'u, too. (*Exit ROLLINS upstairs.*)

JIM. (*Crosses C. to MURPHY*) Murphy, Miss Dale—(*MURPHY and SALLY say "How do you do."*)—and Mr. Worthington—I believe you met Mr. Worthington last night. (*Returns to sofa. PENELOPE sits on sofa.*)

MURPHY. Why, y'u said yer name was Derroo—y'u wrote ut down?

LARRY. I learned only yesterday that it is Worthington.

MURPHY. Well, y'u must be th' lost heir th' papers has been so full uv? I sure am glad to get a good squint at y'u! I bet three bucks they'd find y'u—if y'u was alive—the minute I heard that feller over th' radio. Say, he was slick.

(*Enter downstairs ROLLINS, PATRICK and BILLY, whose pockets in coat and trousers all bulge and overflow with papers, telegrams, etc. ROLLINS and PATRICK stand upper L. BILLY goes to MURPHY and whispers as he shows him telegrams. MURPHY is keenly interested.*)

BILLY. (*Whispering*) These telegrams confirm all you heard about Dale. (MURPHY *nods emphatically*.)

MURPHY. Well, folks, you might as well sit down.

JIM. Chairs, Patrick. (PATRICK *and* ROLLINS *bring chairs from R. and L. of table up C. to R. and L. of easy chair at C.*)

MURPHY. Say, Billy, bring that table here. (BILLY *gets gate-leg table from end of sofa L. and puts it in front of chair to R. of easy chair C.* DALE *sits down extreme R. in armchair, SALLY on lower arm of sofa R., LARRY in Sheraton chair below table R.C., and JIM above PENELOPE on sofa L.*)

LARRY. It will be all right, Sally.

PENELOPE. Rollins, if you and Patrick will be seated, Mr. Murphy will begin. (PATRICK *brings desk chair to just L. of hallway entrance and sits. ROLLINS sits down extreme L. in wing chair.*)

MURPHY. Well, Billy, I guess we've got 'em all here. (BILLY *counts people on fingers.*) Get busy, Bill. (BILLY *sits behind gate-leg table in chair R. of easy chair C., where MURPHY sits. The chair to L. of MURPHY is used for witnesses. BILLY takes out notebook, and alertly jots down important data during testimony. He and MURPHY whisper. MURPHY's manner changes. Now that the moment for action has come, he is keen, shrewd, capable and ruthless*) Now, who let Hamilton into this house last night?

PENELOPE. I think Patrick let him in.

MURPHY. Did you let 'im in?

PENELOPE. Of course not.

MURPHY. Then why do y'u answer? (*He bangs his fist down on the table*) Who let Hamilton into this house last night?

PATRICK. Oi did, sir-r. (BILLY *risés and looks at him.*)

MURPHY. Come out where I can see y'u. (PATRICK *comes to table and stands during examination. BILLY sits.*) What door did Hamilton come in at?

PATRICK. Th' front door-r. (*Indicating door.*)

MURPHY. Where was y'u when th' doorbell rung?

PATRICK. Oi had just taken Colonel Bar-rton's sootcase upstairs. Oi run down th' front stairs because ut was quicker'r.

MURPHY. Who was in this room when y'u come downstairs?

PATRICK. Miss Worthington, but she wint upstairs all right before th' shootin'.

MURPHY. Then there was nobody here but Hamilton and you?

PATRICK. Misther-r Larry come in—he'd forgot his overcoat. (MURPHY *turns to BILLY to see if he has taken note.*)

BILLY. (*Whispers*) I got it.

MURPHY. Then what happened?

PATRICK. Oi wint into th' cloakroom to get th' overcoat, and whin Oi come out Oi stood waitin' by th' door-r to give ut to Misther-r Larry, and they was quarrellin' dreadful.

MURPHY. What did they say?

PATRICK. Oi don't just remember-r—somethin' about Misther-r Hamilton tryin' to swindle Miss Worthington. Oi remember he said, "Swindle."

MURPHY. Did Mr. Hamilton *look* like a swindler?

PATRICK. Oi can't say, sir-r, Oi don't know any swindlers. (BILLY *giggles. MURPHY glowers at him. BILLY looks sheepish.*)

MURPHY. Y'u don't, eh?—Well, then what happened?

PATRICK. Misther-r Hamilton throwed Misther-r Larry ag'in' th' table an' th' lamp wint out.

MURPHY. An' what had Larry done to Hamilton?

PATRICK. He give him some back talk!

MURPHY. Larry didn't threaten Hamilton *at all*?

PATRICK. Wid his *tongue*, he did, but not wid his *fists*.

MURPHY. What did he say?

PATRICK. He said, "Oi'll put y'u in th' Pen."

MURPHY. Then what happened?

PATRICK. Well, whin Misther-r Hamilton throwed Misther-r Larry ag'in' th' table, he yelled, "Damn you!" (PATRICK *shouts it, startling* EVERYBODY.) An' thin there was some shootin'.

MURPHY. How many shots did you hear?

PATRICK. Well, Oi heard *one*, all right—but Oi was that scar-red Oi don't know how many shots there was.

MURPHY. An' there was no one there but *you* an' *Larry* an' *Hamilton*?

PATRICK. That was all Oi seen, but whin th' lights was turned on th' room was *full uv people*! Oi sur-re was surprised!

MURPHY. Who was there?

PATRICK. Well—there was Misther-r Hamilton—an' Misther-r Larry——

MURPHY. Yes, yes, I've heard about them—— Who else was there?

PATRICK. Well—first I seen Rollins an'—Miss Worthington—an' the Colonel there—an'—me—an' Misther-r Larry——

BILLY. (*Whispers to* MURPHY) He hasn't mentioned *Dale*.

MURPHY. Is them all you seen?

PATRICK. An' that gentleman there—Oi don't just remember his name. (*He points to* DALE.)

BILLY. (*Whispers*) That's Mr. Dale.

MURPHY. That's Mr. Dale. They was *all here* when Hamilton was shot?

PATRICK. Oi don't know wher-re they was whin

he was *shot*—Oi only know they *was all ther-re* whin th' lights was tur-rned on.

MURPHY. Who fired them shots?

PATRICK. Ut was all in th' dar-rk—nobody seen who fir-red them shots.

MURPHY. Then y'u can't say if Larry shot Hamilton or not?

PATRICK. Sur-re Oi couldn't see nawthin' in th' dar-rk. Oi ain't a cat! (BILLY giggles and MURPHY glowers again.)

MURPHY. Then you think *Dale* shot 'im through th' winda?

PATRICK. I didn't see Mr. Dale at all—at all.

MURPHY. Well, somebody shot from outside that winda. That'll do, Paddy. (BILLY whispers to MURPHY. PATRICK returns to seat. MURPHY, rising) Well, now I know everybody that was in this room last night when Hamilton was shot. I've got his gun here—see? (He pats overcoat pocket) Ut's a short barrel Colt thirty-eight. Ut's been fired *once*. There was two shots—th' one that crashed through that winda an' th' one that *killed Hamilton*. (He speaks slowly, impressively. SALLY rises and goes to DALE. LARRY, PATRICK and ROLLINS rise.)

PENELOPE. (Rising) Killed Hamilton?—What do you mean? (JIM rises.)

MURPHY. (Rising menacingly) Hamilton's *dead*! This is a case of murder.

DALE. (Rising) Dead! (They are ALL startled and shocked.)

PENELOPE. No! That's impossible!—Jim, you said there was no word from the hospital! When I telephoned myself last night, they said he was *restin' quietly*!

MURPHY. He was—*restin' quietly*! (He sits and BILLY whispers to him.)

JIM. They didn't telephone because Murphy told

them not to. He came with the news himself last night.

PENELOPE. Then you knew! That man's been here all night! Even when you were talking so lightly this morning, *you knew*—that Hamilton was *dead*!

PATRICK. Oh, Miss Worthington, have a heart! Don't you see? Kurnal Barton didn't want y'u to go through this on an *impty stomick*.

PENELOPE. Oh, Jim.

JIM. Oh, please understand.

PENELOPE. But this is far too serious to be taken on *anybody's* word! (*She goes to phone. JIM goes to front of sofa up L. LARRY comes up to R. of BILLY. SALLY kneels on sofa R., facing PENELOPE.*) Hello, Central—give me the hospital, please. This is Miss Worthington speaking. How is Mr. Arthur Hamilton this morning?—He *died at nine o'clock last night*? (*She puts up receiver*) It's true!

SALLY. (*Sinking on sofa*) Oh!

MURPHY. Ut's true, all right. (*PENELOPE and JIM return to sofa L. and sit. PENELOPE sits tensely on edge. MURPHY, rising*) I've gone through Hamilton's pockets at th' hospital and we've been telegraphin' and telephonin' to San Francisco an' other places. Say—we got all th' noos that's fit to print about all uv y'u. (*He holds up notes and telegrams on table before BILLY*) Everybody that was here last night is here *now*. Somebody in this room must know *who shot Hamilton*. Sooner or later I'm goin' to find out and I'll get that other gun. (*He turns back to audience, showing flask in hip pocket*) Will y'u tell me or must I *drag ut out uv y'u*? Now, what do you know about that? (*An intense silence, EVERYBODY looking intently at MURPHY.*) All right, all right, have ut yer own way! Ut won't be pleasant f'r some uv y'u! (*He carefully examines the notes BILLY has given him.*)

BILLY. (*Whispers*) Mr. Dale next.

MURPHY. Mr. Dale, come here. Sit there. (DALE takes chair L. of easy chair. LARRY sits down R.C. again.) Where was y'u in June, 1926?

DALE. In the San Quentin Penitentiary on San Francisco Bay. (*He speaks in a tense voice. EVERYBODY'S attention is focussed upon DALE. SALLY watches intently, her face full of tenderness. BILLY takes notes.*)

MURPHY. How long was y'u in f'r?

DALE. About a year. I was proved innocent and released.

MURPHY. What was y'u in f'r?

DALE. A forgery I never committed.

MURPHY. Y'u was cashier in a bank out there, wasn't y'u?

DALE. Yes.

MURPHY. This same Hamilton was th' cause uv yer bein' sent up, wasn't he?

DALE. Yes. He was one of the Board. His vote decided against me. We afterwards discovered that he knew the real culprit all the time.

MURPHY. He done ut to get your wife away from y'u, didn't he?

DALE. Yes. (*His answer is almost inaudible. He covers his face with a shaking hand. SALLY goes to upper end of sofa R.*)

MURPHY. Have y'u ever seen yer wife since she run away with Hamilton?

DALE. Never.

MURPHY. Do y'u know where she is?

DALE. No.

MURPHY. You've never heard a word from 'er?

DALE. Never a word—unless a telegram I had yesterday may have been from her.

MURPHY. Oh, y'u had a *telegram*, did y'u? What did ut say? .

DALE. Merely, "Arthur Hamilton is in New York."

MURPHY. She telegraphed *y'u* that, did she?

DALE. I don't know who sent it—it wasn't signed.

MURPHY. If yer wife sent ut she must be in New York. Perhaps *she* shot Hamilton?

DALE. No! She loved him—well enough to leave me and our little girl——

MURPHY. Is she th' shootin' kind?

DALE. Oh, no! She was—— (*He covers his face with his hands.*)

SALLY. Oh, Mr. Murphy! (*She crosses around to L. of DALE*) Do you *have* to ask him questions like this?

PENELOPE. (*Deeply moved*) What has that to do with this case? All that's in the past!

MURPHY. We got to prove a *motuv*! (*DALE closes his eyes in agony for a moment, then opens them*) And, Mr. Dale, *y'u* have *motuv* enough to *want* to shoot Hamilton!

DALE. (*Rises suddenly as though at the end of his endurance*) God knows I had reason enough to shoot him! But there was Sally! I had to think of her.

MURPHY. But them's yer *footprints* in th' snow just outside that winda with th' bullet-hole in ut! You admit that!

DALE. Yes! It's strong evidence—but I didn't kill him.

JIM. (*Rising*) Mr. Dale didn't have a revolver. We searched him.

MURPHY. That's true—Billy an' me didn't find one.

DALE. There wasn't time to *hide* anything.

MURPHY. *Y'u* musta heard that shot. Ut was close beside *y'u*.

DALE. Of course I did—I suppose I must have heard it, but the only thing that mattered to me

was that *Hamilton was shot*. My God, *I wish I had shot him!*

SALLY. (*Runs forward and puts a protecting arm around him*) Don't you see how you're torturing him! Stop! *Stop!!!* Can't you see he didn't do it? If you had only known that man—so polite to me—and to Mother—always bringing me candy—and then—he sent Daddy to prison and—he took Mother away!—Oh, I'm glad he's dead! Can't you see that Daddy didn't do it?

MURPHY. (*Looks at BILL's notes again*) Say, this is no place for sob stuff! Sit down, y'u! (*SALLY goes to sofa. JIM rises and seats her.*) That'll do, Mr. Dale. (*DALE goes to fireplace.*) Somebody in this house has a gun. Now, who is ut?

SALLY. (*To JIM*) Lar—— (*She speaks impulsively, because she is nervous. She stops and puts her hand over her mouth, but it is too late.*)

MURPHY. Larry! I see! Have y'u a gun? (*JIM crosses back of sofa L.*)

LARRY. Yes—it was a Christmas present.

MURPHY. Where is ut?

LARRY. In my overcoat.

MURPHY. Get ut! (*LARRY reluctantly turns toward cloak room. PATRICK gets there first, brings out overcoat, takes pistol from pocket and gives it to LARRY. He tries quietly to take overcoat out through the dining-room door.*)

BILLY. (*Sees him and whispers*) Paddy!

MURPHY. Say, come back with that overcoat. You must think this is a restaurant. (*PATRICK gives coat to BILLY. It is light in color and a round black hole has been burned in the edge of the pocket by the powder when pistol had been shot. LARRY gives pistol to MURPHY*) Have y'u a permit to carry a gun?

LARRY. Yes, I have.

MURPHY. (*Breaks pistol, sees that it has been*

fired once, and gives it to BILLY) Fired once! (*He takes coat in his hand and BILLY shows him the spot burned by pistol shot.*) Y'u shot through yer pocket. Say, Kid, that was quick work!

SALLY. Oh! I——

MURPHY. (*Looks admiringly at LARRY, who looks noncommittal*) Sit down on that chair. (*LARRY sits on chair beside MURPHY. MURPHY sits in easy chair.*) So ye'r' th' long-lost heir we've been hearin' so much about?

LARRY. Yes, I am.

MURPHY. Ut seems queer that th' heir to all them millions could just drop out uv sight! How old was you when Hamilton stole them papers from your grandmother?

LARRY. About seventeen. I knew enough to *hate* Hamilton.

MURPHY. *Y'u hated* Hamilton!

LARRY. Yes, I never trusted him.

MURPHY. What did he come to see Miss Worthington about?

LARRY. You'll have to ask her.

MURPHY. Did y'u *know* he was comin' here?

LARRY. Yes, I heard Colonel Barton say he was coming here.

MURPHY. Y'u hated him because he stole some important papers from y'ur grandmother. So y'u carried a gun to be ready for him when y'u seen him.

SALLY. No! I gave Larry that revolver as a Christmas gift.

MURPHY. Well, ut's bein' a Christmas gift doesn't make a damn bit uv difference. (*Rises*) Y'u shot, intendin' to kill Hamilton! Y'u can't deny it!

SALLY. (*Starting to rise*) No! (*JIM holds her back.*)

LARRY. I *do* deny it!

MURPHY. Ut's *yo'r* pistol shot from *yo'r* pocket!

SALLY. (*Rises and comes forward*) Larry didn't have his overcoat on. The coat was in the closet when he began to talk with Hamilton.

MURPHY. Did I ast y'u a question about that gun?

SALLY. You're not asking questions—you're bullying Larry. I won't stand for it!

MURPHY. Oh, you won't, eh? Sit down! (*Billy pulls his coat tails to try to calm him.*) All right! All right! But she can't bluff me! (*SALLY sits on sofa above PENELOPE.*) We'll just go through this thing the way ut happened yesterday. Where was y'u when them shots was fired?

LARRY. I was here. (*He takes position he occupied.*)

MURPHY. (*Giving coat to PATRICK*) Now, Paddy, y'u go to th' closet an' get th' coat. Do just what y'u done yesterday.

PATRICK. Very good, sir-r. (*PATRICK takes coat back to cloakroom, hangs it inside, then comes out with it over his left arm, walks to chair upper L., throws overcoat over table L. and stands beside it. BILLY whispers to MURPHY.*)

MURPHY. Where was y'u, Miss Worthington?

PENELOPE. Upstairs. I ran down as soon as I heard the shots.

MURPHY. Then y'u wasn't in this room when them shots was fired?

PENELOPE. No.

MURPHY. Where was y'u, Rollins?

BILLY. (*Rising*) Psst! Rollins, where was you? (*He turns suddenly to ROLLINS, who has been fast asleep and jumps as though startled. JIM touches ROLLINS' shoulder to wake him. BILLY sits.*)

ROLLINS. (*Coming L.C.*) I came in from th' dining room when I 'eard th' shots. It was dark and I turned on the lights.

MURPHY. Where did y'u stand?

ROLLINS. Just be'ind Colonel Barton. (*He takes*

position above sofa L.) Colonel Barton was 'ere.
(*He points to spot.*)

MURPHY. Colonel, y'u was near enough to reach th' gun in that overcoat pocket!

JIM. Yes, I was. (*ROLLINS crosses back and sits down L. again.*)

MURPHY. Did y'u know ut was there?

JIM. Not until after the shooting.

MURPHY. That's a likely story! Did y'u know that bullet-hole was in the coat?

JIM. Yes. I saw it when Larry put on his overcoat after the shooting.

MURPHY. Then y'u *must know* that Larry shot Hamilton.

JIM. No! Larry was as surprised to find that hole as I was. He didn't know it was there himself until Miss Worthington pointed it out to him.

MURPHY. (*To LARRY menacingly*) Do y'u mean to tell me y'u didn't know that hole was in y'r coat pocket?

LARRY. (*Coming to chair down R.C.*) I mean to say just that. I went to put my coat on, and—there was the hole! I was just as surprised as you are.

MURPHY. (*Crosses down*) A murder's been committed in this room and yer tellin' me that a hole was shot in y'ur pocket and y'u *never knowed ut*? Do y'u expect to get away with fool stuff like that? Ut's a damn lie!

PENELOPE. (*Rises and crosses to L.C.*) He's telling the truth. I was here too, and Larry was as much astonished to see the hole as I was. Patrick said, afterwards, "You must have burned a hole in that pocket with your pipe!"

MURPHY. Oh, th' hole was burned with 'is pipe, was ut? Applesauce! Come out here, Paddy, where I can see y'u. (*PATRICK comes forward and stands beside table.*) So, y'u thought a pipe had burned that hole, did y'u?

PATRICK. A poipe'll bur-rn a hole in a pocket just as aisy as rollin' off a log! (LARRY *crosses up to R. of BILLY.*)

MURPHY. Boloney!

BILLY. (*Whispers*) Boloney!

MURPHY. That hole was burned with *this* gun and—y'u—fired—ut! (MURPHY *shakes a menacing finger in LARRY's face.*)

LARRY. Why—I——

JIM. Murphy, I dug this bullet out of the edge of the mantel last night.

MURPHY. So y'u had that bullet, Colonel? A thirty-two, eh? I found th' empty hole this mornin'. Hamilton was *killed* with a thirty-two! Here's th' bullet! Say, Colonel, this is gettin' interestin'. (*He speaks slowly, impressively, a bullet in each hand. PATRICK's attitude from now on is one of absorbed interest in MURPHY's effort to find second pistol. MURPHY puts bullet from JIM and first bullet back into vest pocket*) There was two thirty-two's—the one that hit th' mantel an' th' one that hit Hamilton. Hamilton's shot musta gone through th' winda. Now th' gun to fit this *second* thirty-two? That's what I want an' I want ut damn quick, see? (*Facing upstage, below table. He bangs his fist menacingly on the table. ALL lean forward in strained attention.*)

MRS. MANNERS. (*Comes downstairs. She stops at landing*) Good morning, everybody. What are you doing? You all look as solemn as a funeral'

MURPHY. (*Wheeling about instantly to look at her*) Who's that?

JIM. Mrs. Manners, Miss Worthington's aunt.

MURPHY. Why didn't y'u tell me there was somebody else upstairs? Ye'r' a *new* one. Where was y'u when Hamilton was shot?

MRS. MANNERS. Upstairs in my bed and sound asleep, thank goodness!



ACT III

See page 88

MURPHY. With all them shots bein' fired?

MRS. MANNERS. I never heard a single shot.

MURPHY. (*Shouting loudly*) Well, you must be a sound sleeper! Are you deaf?

MRS. MANNERS. I am not. My room is in the west wing.

PENELOPE. Aunt Emily, this is Mr. Murphy, a detective. He's asking us questions about the accident. Won't you wait upstairs until he finishes?

MRS. MANNERS. Certainly not. I'd like to ask some questions about this accident myself. (*She sits on chair c. She has not been present at any vital moment and has no realization of the serious character of the occasion. MURPHY understands at once that, if she knows what really occurred, she may be led to give vital information which the others might conceal. He changes his tone in speaking to her and is suave and ingratiating. JIM watches him intently, knowing the possible danger from so casual and inconsequential a witness.*)

MURPHY. Well, y'u just ast me any questions y'u want to, Auntie! (*ALL sit as before. MURPHY starts to drag easy chair close to her.*)

MRS. MANNERS. I beg your pardon! (*MURPHY pushes chair back to table.*) I'd like to know who Arthur Hamilton is?

MURPHY. Stranger to you, is he?

MRS. MANNERS. Yes, he is. It's quite enough to find a long-lost nephew and lose all your money in one day without having a perfect stranger shot all over the place.

MURPHY. Y'u say y'u found a long-lost nephew?

MRS. MANNERS. Yes! There he is—— (*Pointing to LARRY.*)

MURPHY. An' y'u lost all y'ur money?

MRS. MANNERS. Yes. I should have received my share of the family fortune on Thursday.

PENELOPE. Aunt Emily, Mr. Hamilton is *dead*!

This is very serious. Please don't say another word. These personal details interest no one.

MURPHY. Why, of course they do! *I'm* interested in 'em. Go on. Had Hamilton anything to do with y'ur losin' th' money?

MRS. MANNERS. Oh, yes. He came about the heir.

MURPHY. Oh, I see.

BILLY. (*Whispers to MURPHY*) Hamilton was the only person who knew about the heir. If he was shot, Miss Worthington would inherit. That's what Colonel Barton wanted.

MURPHY. (*Nods emphatically*) *Of course!* Then if Hamilton was th' only person that knowed about th' lost heir an' he was shot, y'u and *Miss Worthington* would uv inherited all th' money.

MRS. MANNERS. That's what I've expected to do for years.

SALLY You're making Larry uncomfortable, Mrs. Manners. He didn't *know* that he was the heir when he came here. It was Colonel Jim who discovered the papers proving that he is Larry Worthington.

JIM. (*Back of sofa*) Sally, not another word unless you're asked a question.

MURPHY. (*Rising*) *Papers!* The papers was in that envelope! I want to see them papers. They wasn't burned. (*SALLY suddenly realizes that she has given valuable information. She catches her breath; looks in distress at JIM, then at LARRY.*) Have you got 'em, Colonel?

PENELOPE. What do you want with those papers?

MURPHY. (*Quickly and with cunning*) To prove this young feller, Larry, didn't shoot Hamilton.

PENELOPE. Are you sure that is what you want with them?

MURPHY. Sure! He would never shoot anybody that was goin' to make 'im a millionaire, would 'e?

MRS. MANNERS. Penelope has them. (*She rises; walks down R.*)

MURPHY. (*Dictatorially*) Get 'em, Miss Worthington! (*He replaces witness chair to L. of phone table. PENELOPE hesitates, looks at JIM, who nods, and then she goes upstairs.*)

LARRY. (*Crossing down below chair down R.C. and faces MRS. MANNERS*) Mrs. Manners, you don't suppose I'm going to take that money away from you, do you?

JIM. You needn't, Larry, it's yours. When you have it you can do anything you like with it.

LARRY. I'll see that you get your share, all right, Mrs. Manners.

MRS. MANNERS. (*Smiling, with entire change of manner*) Oh, don't call me Mrs. Manners, Larry—I'm your *Aunt Emily*! (*She goes to him, places a hand on each shoulder and kisses him, much to his dismay. She goes to R. of sofa R.*)

SALLY. (*Rises; crosses to C.*) Mr. Murphy, why do you want to find out who shot that man? He was a wicked man! These people are kind—they never harmed anybody! (*JIM crosses down L.*)

MURPHY. Say, listen, listen! This is *murder*. What's th' use uv bein' a detectuv if y'u never have anythin' to detect? (*SALLY crosses back to sofa L.*) I've been hopin' for a murder in these parts for years. And now you ast me why I want to find out who shot Hamilton! (*LARRY crosses to SALLY and they sit on sofa.*)

MRS. MANNERS. Young man, did I hear you say you've been *hoping* for a murder? (*Enter PENELOPE. She puts papers on table R.C.*)

MURPHY. Sure! There's always murders—there always will be murders. There might as well be one *here* an' give me a chance. One good murder in high society would give me a raise in pay.

BILLY. (*Whispers*) Me, too.

MURPHY. I got a wife an' children to support—this ain't a question uv sentiment with me, ut's *business!*

MRS. MANNERS. *Business?*

MURPHY. Say, if Larry gets the money *you* lose it, don't you?

MRS. MANNERS. Young man, the first thing you know you'll be trying to prove that *I* committed this murder!

MURPHY. I wouldn't put ut past y'u! (*Bows to her. Sits.*)

PENELOPE. (*Before fire*) Aunt Emily, this is all very sordid and distressing. Won't you go upstairs? You'll let her go, Mr. Murphy, won't you?

MRS. MANNERS. No! No Worthington ever deserted the field of battle. I'll stay right here—on the spot. (*She sits on sofa R. MURPHY, who has been eagerly looking over papers, shows them to BILLY, who reads them intently. PENELOPE crosses and sits down R.C.*)

MURPHY. Thank y'u f'r th' papers, Miss Worthington. Th' outside is burned. This explains th' burned papers in th' fireplace. (*He holds up charred papers to LARRY*) Is this your birth certificate?

LARRY. So Hamilton said.

MURPHY. Is this th' *only* proof that ye'r' th' Worthington?

LARRY. I know of no other.

MURPHY. Colonel, that *third gun!* It's a thirty-two. It would be a handy little gun f'r a man in the Secret Service. Unbeknownst to anybody, you could shove ut in your pocket and ut wouldn't show.

JIM. (*Crosses up L.C.*) Murphy, the only pistol I ever carried was a service forty-five. I wore it quite openly.

MURPHY. How long have y'u knowed Miss Worthington?

JIM. All her life. We were neighbors.

MURPHY. Do y'u see much uv 'er?

JIM. I see her occasionally. I happen to be her lawyer.

MURPHY. Then y'u have a good deal to do with this Worthington fortune we hear so much about?

JIM. Yes, quite a little.

MURPHY. I guess y'u know just *how many* millions there are?

JIM. I may, Murphy. I'm the family lawyer, not the family banker.

MURPHY. So y'u've knowed Miss Worthington *all her life*?

JIM. It has been my privilege.

MURPHY. Miss Worthington, did y'u know Arthur Hamilton?

PENELOPE. No. I never saw him until I met him in this room when he came yesterday.

MURPHY. Did y'u know he was comin'?

PENELOPE. Yes, Colonel Barton told me to expect him.

MURPHY. Did th' Colonel *want* y'u to see Hamilton?

PENELOPE. No.

MURPHY. So y'u saw him *alone*?

PENELOPE. Yes.

MURPHY. Against th' Colonel's advice?

PENELOPE. Yes. He said that Mr. Hamilton was **a dangerous man. He was!**

MURPHY. How do you know that?

PENELOPE. He wanted me to sign a paper promising him half a million dollars, and said that if I didn't sign it I should never see my nephew.

MURPHY. That wasn't dangerous, that was *bluff*!

PENELOPE. He was quite capable of doing it.

MURPHY. Well, suppose he had?

PENELOPE. Mr. Murphy, suppose you had had **all the money you could possibly want all your life?**

MURPHY. I'd know I musta died an' gone straight to Heaven! (BILLY *laughs*.)

PENELOPE. It meant far more to me to find Larry than any sum of money. I signed that paper even though Colonel Barton had warned me not to sign any paper unless he had examined it.

MURPHY. Oh, he warned y'u not to sign *any* paper, did he?

PENELOPE. He was trying to protect me from a swindler.

MURPHY. But he wasn't a swindler—he produced th' boy.

PENELOPE. But Colonel Barton thought he was a swindler.

MURPHY. Y'u mean he *told* y'u he thought so. Did ut ever occur to y'u that he might *have some reason uv his own* for not wantin' y'u to see Hamilton without him? (*Leaning over table.*)

PENELOPE. I have absolute confidence in Colonel Barton.

MURPHY. Oh, y'u have, have y'u? Miss Worthington, did the Colonel ever ast y'u to *marry him*?

JIM. Murphy!

PENELOPE. That's a very personal question. (*Rises. JIM crosses to down L.*)

MURPHY. He did, all right, or y'u'd deny ut. That's all we want—a *motuv*! (PENELOPE *crosses up to L.C.* MURPHY *leans forward, shaking an accusing finger at JIM*) Colonel, y'u come downstairs in time to hear what Hamilton was sayin' to Larry Worthington. Y'u thought th' papers was *burned*. Y'u knowed that Hamilton was th' *only person* livin' that could prove who was the lost heir. *You* shot Hamilton so's y'u could marry Miss Worthington and *get all that money*!

PENELOPE. Jim? Oh, don't you see how impossible that is? Mr. Murphy, you wanted to know

whether Colonel Barton had ever asked me to marry him?

MURPHY. Yes.

PENELOPE. He did so last night after we found my nephew, and the reason he didn't ask me before was because I had all this money. Now you accuse him of committing murder to get that money when for years it has been the one obstacle that prevented his marrying me.

JIM. (*Going to her*) Pen! Please! (PENELOPE crosses L. and sits on lower end of sofa.)

MRS. MANNERS. Jim Barton's *very sensitive* about money. He refused the post of Ambassador because he said he couldn't keep up the pace set by royalty.

MURPHY. Oh, he did, did 'e? All 'e needed was them *Worthington millions* to be th' Ambassador to the Court uv Saint James! Colonel, y'u shot Hamilton—y'u can't deny ut! (*Below table.*)

JIM. I don't deny it. (MURPHY *smiles in triumph.* ALL *startled.*) I don't affirm it! (MURPHY *chagrined.*)

MURPHY. (*Bitterly*) Oh, y'u don't, don't y'u?

PENELOPE. You have no proof that he ever had a pistol.

MURPHY. I don't need proof—yet—all I need is a motuv. I've got ut. Colonel, your motuv was to get money—lots an' lots uv money. It's up to th' lawyers an' the jury *now*. I'm goin' to take y'u down to Headquarters! An' I ain't goin' to run no risks uv a getaway! Billy! (*He rises quickly, his pistol in his right hand, and covers them.* ALL *stand in strained attention.*)

SALLY. Oh, please, Mr. Murphy, please! (*She goes to MURPHY, pleadingly.*)

MURPHY. Frisk him, Billy! (BILLY *crosses over as JIM raises hands.* BILLY *dodges.*) Come on, now, an' make it snappy. I ain't got no time to waste.

(BILLY slaps JIM's pockets and in the right hand hip pocket finds SALLY's revolver. He holds it out toward MURPHY, who drops his own pistols in his pockets in order to examine it. He breaks it. It has been fired once. BILLY crosses back to his chair. ALL rise.) Fired once and ut's a thirty-two. Caught with th' goods, Colonel!

PENELOPE. Jim, you never did this thing. You were upstairs when it occurred.

JIM. No, I was present when the shots were fired.

MURPHY. Cross an' double cross, Colonel. I guess I've got enough dope on y'u to take y'u down to Police Headquarters. The Chief sure will be pleased to see y'u.

PENELOPE. Mr. Murphy, what right have you to arrest Colonel Barton? You have no proof that he did this terrible thing!

MURPHY. When a man is shot with a thirty-two an' another man that was present when ut happened is caught with a thirty-two in his hip pocket, who did ut?

PENELOPE. But you're not giving him a chance to defend himself. Hasn't he a right to a lawyer and a legal defense?

MURPHY. Y'u arrest a criminal before y'u try him, don't y'u? Come along, Colonel, and step lively.

SALLY. (*Coming down*) No! No!

JIM. Sally, please!

SALLY. He didn't do it! I shot Arthur Hamilton! (DALE and LARRY cross to SALLY.)

MURPHY. (*Facing up stage*) Y'u? The hell y'u did!

LARRY. Sally! What are you saying?

SALLY. It's true, Larry. When you came back for your overcoat I hid in the evergreens to surprise you when you came by. I saw some papers

blaze up in the fire and then Hamilton was going to shoot you! After our target practice my pistol was still in my pocket. I don't know how it happened, but in an instant I had fired it at that man. It was horrible!

DALE. Sally—Sally—— (*He puts his arm around her protectingly.*)

SALLY. I almost shot you, Daddy. You suddenly stepped toward the window. I was so frightened that I ran home.

MURPHY. So y'u shot Hamilton? A little girl? Wouldn't that jar y'u!

SALLY. Yes, I shot him, and I'm not sorry! I'm glad I did it! He wasn't fit to live! (*She sobs hysterically and runs into room R., followed by DALE and, a moment later, by LARRY.*)

DALE and LARRY. (*As they run out*) Sally! Sally! (*MURPHY sends BILLY running after them. BILLY has a gun in his hand, covering them.*)

PATRICK. Then ut wasn't me that done ut? (*EVERYBODY turns to him with exclamations.*)

MURPHY. You?

PATRICK. Oh, glory be to God!

MURPHY. What the hell had you to do with ut? You had no *motuv*!

PATRICK. When I had Mr. Larry's coat over me ar-rm I suddenly felt his gun in his pocket. Mr. Hamilton looked awful wicked. He was shootin' to kill. I just couldn't keep my hands off, so I banged away and shot *fir-rst*!

JIM. (*Crosses to R.*) Just a moment, Patrick. Murphy, the shot fired by Sally from outside the window entered the mantel. (*He points it out to MURPHY*) You can trace its path in the wood. Hamilton staggered back against the mantel *after he was shot*. The pistol you found in my pocket was Sally's. I picked it up last night where Sally

dropped it when she ran home. I'm afraid, Patrick, you did shoot Hamilton.

PATRICK. Then Oi *did* shoot Misther-r Hamilton? Oh, God forgive me.

JIM. You shot to save Larry's life, Patrick. No jury would ever convict you of a crime.

MRS. MANNERS. (*Rising in dudgeon and crossing to L.C.*) Well! When I get that money I'm going to take the first ship to Europe—(*She pauses on her way upstairs in doorway*)—and I'm *never coming back!* This is a land of—*chisellers!* (*She exits upstairs.*)

MURPHY. Well, Paddy, we found a *motuv* f'r y'u, anyway. (*BILLY enters R.*) You'll have to come along with Billy an' me!

PENELOPE. Don't worry, Patrick, we're all very grateful to you and Colonel Jim will take your case.

PATRICK. Oi'll get me hat an' coat.

JIM. I'll see you down at Headquarters. It will be all right, Sergeant.

PATRICK. Oi'm sur-re ut will if you say so, Colonel Jim! (*He salutes. JIM returns it. PATRICK exits L., followed by BILLY. ROLLINS exits after them.*)

MURPHY. Say, Colonel, did you see any *woman's* footprints in th' snow last night?

JIM. I may have, Murphy, but they're not there now.

MURPHY. Well—say—do you happen to know what become uv *Hamilton's* bullet?

(*WARN Curtain.*)

JIM. You'll find the hole it made under that rug at your feet. (*MURPHY stoops down and examines bullet-hole in floor where shot is embedded. He rises and looks at JIM admiringly. BILLY and PATRICK appear in doorway L. PATRICK wears his overcoat and carries his hat in his hand.*)

MURPHY. Say, Colonel, if ever you want to *get elected or anything*, you just let me *know*!

JIM. Thanks, Murphy. I'll remember that. (*He shakes hands with MURPHY, who starts for hall. LARRY opens R. door excitedly, just in time to stop MURPHY as he goes toward hall.*)

LARRY. Wait a minute, Mr. Murphy! I shot Hamilton with that gun in my overcoat pocket!

MURPHY. (*Raising hands above head as though exasperated*) Oh!——

JIM. It's all right, Larry. Patrick shot through your pocket.

LARRY. Thank God! I must tell Sally. (*He runs out R.*)

MURPHY. Come on, Billy—— (*He faces audience at door to hall*) —let's get out uv here before *somebody else* tries to take th' blame for this murder! (*Exit BILLY, PATRICK and MURPHY. JIM and PENELOPE, laughing, start to hall to look after them as the Curtain comes down.*)

CURTAIN

"MONEY IN THE AIR"

PROPERTIES

Shrub row—outside window.
Potted evergreen, outside window.
Mantel.
Hearth piece.
Carpet for stage.
Hall carpeting.
4 Oriental rugs.
7 Foot sofa (L.).
5½ foot sofa (R.), (facing fireplace).
3 Chippendale straight chairs (at secretary, and
L. and R. of table in c. of back wall).
1 Chippendale armchair (D.R.).
2 Wing chairs (R.C. and D.L.).
Secretary (U.L.).
Heppelwhite straight chair (D.R.C. below table R.C.).
Gateleg table (upper end of sofa L.).
Long sofa table (behind sofa L.).
Small Duncan Phyfe table (above armchair D.R.).
Oblong table (R.C. behind sofa R.).
Consol table (c. of back wall).
Low tea-table (above wing chair D.L.).
Drum table (in hall).
Screen (in hall).
Fire-screen.
Fire-set.
Andirons.
Desk set (on secretary).
Bell-pull (below dining-room door), (old-fashioned
bell attached off L.).

3 Portraits (in c. panel at back, over mantel, in hall).

Oval picture of flowers (lower panel L.).

2 Chinese jars (either end of mantel).

Tall vase with Calla lilies on consol table on silver pad.

Tall vase with Delphinium on hall table.

Blue urn (on sofa table L. for roses).

Glass vase (on table R.C. for calendulas).

Christmas tree with lights and decorations (R. of window).

2 Sets green drapes (window and hall arch).

Scrim curtains (window).

Mistletoe (on chandelier).

3 Garlands of greens (on mantel, and back panels L. and R.).

4 Sprays dwarf oranges (in garlands on back panels).

French phone (on consol table).

2 Table runners (sofa, table L. and table R.C.).

4 Pillows (sofa L.).

Books on secretary shelves.

4 Books on table L.

6 Ash trays.

3 Cigarette boxes (table L., table R.C. and mantel), (cigarettes).

3 Match boxes.

Magazines (table R.C.).

Sheets covered with salt and mica for snow at window.

Flagstone at window.

Box of long-stemmed roses on consol table.

Xmas wrapping paper and string on consol table and table R.C.

Off L.:

Curate's assistant (for Rollins).

Plate of cakes on top shelf.

Plate of sandwiches on bottom shelf.

Silver teatray (Patrick):

Silver teapot and alcohol lamp (tea in pot).

5 Cups and saucers.

5 Spoons.

5 Napkins.

5 Tea-plates.

Hot water pitcher (with water).

Cream pitcher (with cream).

Sugar bowl (lump sugar).

Covered serving-plate (Patrick) with toast.

Small silver tray with telegrams (Patrick).

Box of calendulas and mixed flowers (Patrick).

Off R.:

Victrola and dance record.

Suitcase and wrapped novel (Jim).

3 Revolvers (loaded with blanks):

1—38 police (Hamilton's).

1—32 target pistol (Sally's).

1—32 police (as emergency—also used by Murphy in last Act).

Newly written letters (Penelope).

ACT II

Burned wallet and scorched papers substituted for other in fire.

Bullet-hole in window scrim curtain (burned corn-plaster).

Bullet-hole in Larry's coat (table L.).

1—32 target pistol in coat pocket.

Broken bulb under table R.C.

Slug in mantel.

Sally's pistol hidden in shrub row.

Off L.:

Dustpan and brush (Patrick).

Supper tray (Patrick):

Coffee-pot.

Plate of sandwiches.

Cup, saucer, spoon, napkin.

ACT III

(The sofa R. and table and chair behind it are moved nearer fireplace to give more room for action at c. during Act.)

Off L.:

Newspapers (Patrick).

Mass of letters and telegrams (Billy).

PERSONAL PROPS.

Bag and needlepoint (Mrs. Manners).

Leather wallet (Hamilton), containing birth certificate and statement.

Legal document which Penelope signed (Hamilton).

Fountain pen (Hamilton).

Dirty handkerchief (Murphy).

Clean handkerchief (Billy).

3 Cigarette cases (Jim, Dale, Larry).

Locket (Larry).

Pen-knife (Jim).

Secret Service badge (Jim).

Detective's badge (Murphy).

Notebook and pencil (Billy).

Whiskey bottle (Murphy).

Cigarettes and matches (Jim, Dale, Larry).

Lead slug from 32 bullet (Murphy).

ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

- 3 Sections of footlights—pink, amber and blue—75 watt bulbs.
- 8 Spots in border—Nos. 1, 3, 4, 7 amber; 2, 5, 6, 8 pink—500 watt.
- 3 Sections X-ray border—pink, amber and blue—250 Watt.
- 1 Section X-ray border over French windows—pink, amber and blue—250 watt (pink and amber on dimmer).
- Spot outside window—steel blue in Second Act, no gelatine in Third Act—1000 watt.
- Olivette outside window—blue in Second Act, white in Third Act—1000 watt.
- Olivette at stairway to cast shadow on hall backing—amber in Second Act, frost in Third Act—1000 watt.
- Spot on low standard at fireplace—amber—1000 watt.
- 5-bulb strip over entrance to hall—amber.
- 3-bulb strip at door L.—amber.
- 3-bulb strip at door R.—amber.
- Firelog.
- 3 Lamps—table L., table R., and secretary.
- 3 Double wall brackets.
- Chandelier.
- Wall switch.
- Xmas tree lights.
- Practical doorbell.
- Practical phone bell.

The foots, X-ray border, border spots 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 8 and hall strip are always dimmed together throughout play.

Spot 3 always works with lamp at R.

Spot 5 always works with lamp at L.

Lamp on secretary only stage light controlled by actor.

The fire log and fire spot, the door strips at L. and R., and the blue section of X-rays at window are left on throughout the three acts, and are not included in the black-outs.

LIGHT CUES

Act I (at rise—late afternoon)

All spots but 3 and 5, foots, X-ray borders, window X-rays (pink, amber and blue), and hall strip on full. Also Xmas tree lights on.

(Firelog and fire spot, strips at doors L. and R., and blue X-rays at window on throughout play.)

At cue No. 1 fire flicker.

No. 2 start slow dim of Spots 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 8, foots, border X-rays and hall strip.

Also pink and amber window X-rays.

No. 3 hold dim at $\frac{1}{2}$ of mark.

No. 4 continue dim.

At cue secretary lamp on
" " secretary lamp off

*in New York pro-
duction this was
done by actress
herself.*

No. 5 Xmas tree lights out.

By this time the dim has been finished. The mark for the end of dim is about three-quarters down for Spots 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 8, Foots, and X-ray border. The

pink and amber X-rays are completely out.

No. 6 Lamp R. and Spot 3 on.

No. 7 Fire flare.

No. 8 Black-out (lamp R., front spots, foots, foots, and X-ray borders and hall strip).

No. 9 Brackets and chandelier on—also front spots (except 3 and 5), foots, and X-ray borders, and hall strip on full.

Act II (at rise—evening)

Same as end of Act I except lamp L. and spot 5, blue olivette and blue moonlight spot at window, and amber olivette at stairs are on too.

At cue No. 1 Lamp R. and Spot 3 on.

No. 2 Lamp R. and Spot 3 off.

No. 3 Brackets and chandelier and spots 1 and 2 off. Other spots except 3 and 5, foots, X-ray borders, and hall strip down to mark (same as cue No. 5, Act I).

No. 4 Lamp L. and Spot 5 off and black-out of foots, front spots, border X-rays and hall strip (same as cue No. 8, Act I), except for olivettes in hall and at window and window spot, which are on throughout this Act.

No. 5 Lamp L. and spot 5 on (lighting same as Cue No. 3, Act II).

No. 6 Black-out same as Cue No. 4, Act II.

No. 7 Lamp R. and Spot 3 on (other lights to mark of Cue 5, Act I).

No. 8 Black-out same as Cue No. 4, Act II.

No. 9 Lamp R. and Spot 3 on (other lights at mark of Cue No. 5, Act I).

ACT III—(at rise—morning)

No change of lights during Act.

Lights same as at beginning of play, except the window olivette with white gelatine, window spot (sunlight) with no gelatine, and hall olivette with frost are on also.

"MONEY IN THE AIR"

PUBLICITY THROUGH YOUR LOCAL PAPERS

The press can be an immense help in giving publicity to your productions. In the belief that the best reviews from the New York and other large papers are always interesting to local audiences, and in order to assist you, we are printing below several excerpts from those reviews.

To these we have also added a number of suggested press notes which may be used either as they stand or changed to suit your own ideas and submitted to the local press.

"—most diverting and pleasing pastime."—*New York American.*"

"—pleasant comedy and love-making."—*New York Herald-Tribune.*"

"—an excessively well-bred and generally upper-class specimen of mystery play——"—*New York Times.*"

"A new type of mystery drama has come to Broadway and it is most welcome."—*Brooklyn Citizen.*"

"—care and good taste have gone into its production and are in the writing."—*Toronto Saturday Night.*"

"I don't mind telling you, whatever your attitude toward mystery shows may be, you will find this one produced with considerably more distinction than most of them."—*Burns Mantle, "The News."*

"‘Money In the Air’ is a fine, clean, wholesome play, very entertaining and well acted by a splendid cast, holding the interest from the beginning to the final curtain. Unlike most mystery plays, it does not need to resort to the usual trick panels, sliding stairs and hands reaching out in the dark to put it over. The most sensitive and fastidious will find nothing in this play to offend them. Thanking you for a very pleasant evening, I am, very sincerely yours, New York School of Music and Arts, Ralfe Leech Sterner, President."

"I had such a happy time this afternoon at your play. It has splendid suspense. We were all excited and none of us could guess ‘who killed Hamilton.’ The setting is beautiful and the cast quite flawless. I do hope it will have a well-deserved financial success. Faithfully yours, Maud Skinner (Mrs. Otis Skinner)."

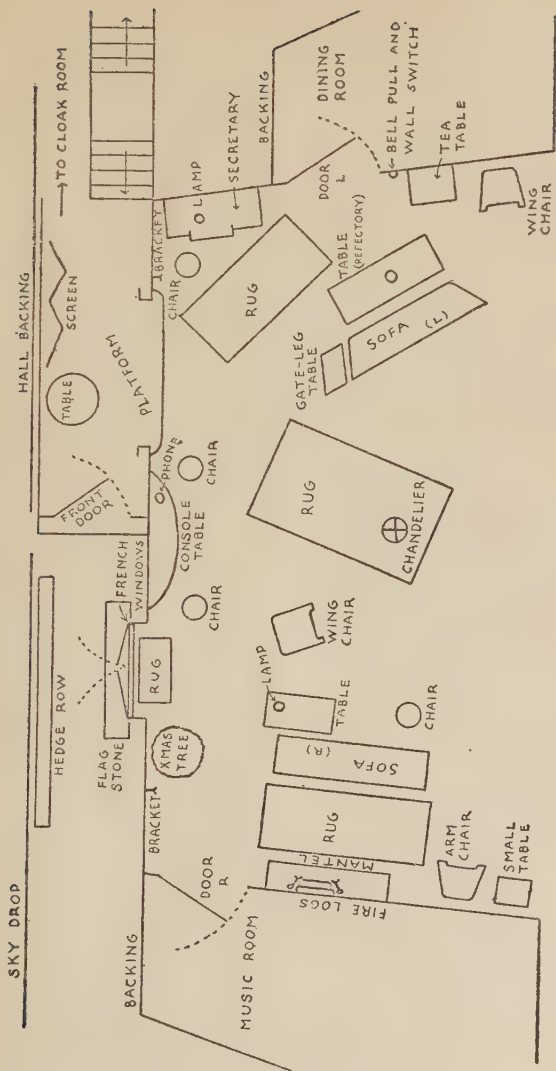
"My Dear Friend: It was good of you to let me know that the Director of your play pronounces it a Success!!! Well he may do so, for it is the most interesting as well as the most delightful play I have seen in many a day. It has such spontaneous bits of humor, and the plot is so well worked out one is kept in suspense until the very end. I never dreamed of the culprit (and such a nice one, who had already won our interest and sympathy) until he stood revealed. I think we all owe you a debt of gratitude for giving us an evening of such clean, wholesome enjoyment. I liked the opening night, and enjoyed it even more on Thursday. I am really hoping to go again! Affectionately yours, Louise W. Carnegie."

'As Mrs. Robert A. Franks and Mrs. Orlando Rouland left the Ritz Theatre last week, after a performance of "Money In the Air," a blind man

stopped in the lobby on his way out, raised his hand to still the crowd and said, "I wish to thank the Manager of this theatre. This play has lifted the trouble from my heart."—"*New York World-Telegram.*"

SYNOPSIS

Amid the shadows of December night, surrounded by a sprinkling of good old mistletoe and holly wreath, it is learned that Penelope Worthington and Mrs. Courtenay Manners will come heir to a fortune if a missing heir of some twenty years does not appear on Thursday. Larry Derreau, engaged to Sally Dale, turns up to be the lost boy. But not until a certain Arthur Hamilton exchanges this information for half a million dollars. Half a million dollars to return this fellow to his rightful chest of gold, to oust the ambitious old Mrs. Manners, who would receive it if he did not return, and to get shot in the bargain. And by whom, do you ask? That is the mystery.



SCENE DESIGN
"MONEY IN THE AIR"

